THE NATION

MARCH 11, 1961 . . 25c

The Ordeal of SANE

Barbara Deming

NOTES on the UNDERWORLD

Paul Goodman

THE CONSTITUTION vs. U. S. DIPLOMACY

Sir John Lomax

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LETTERS

Democratic Procedure?

Dear Sirs: After a leave of eight months from the University of Puerto Rico which I spent gathering material for my courses and planned publications on the countries behind the "Iron Curtain," I returned to San Juan to give a course on the Soviet Union and on problems and "confusions" of Western civilization. Upon landing at the airport last January 7, all materials — printed, mimeographed, handwritten, clippings, newspapers and even my private correspondence — were confiscated by a customs official. After some efforts on the part of my department at the university, all was returned ten days later without apology or explanation, except for a reference to an alleged right of our federal immigration authorities to perform such "routine" inspection.

For the sake of colleagues and students of countries behind the "curtain," I would like to protest against this indiscriminate confiscation of data indispensable for scholarly work and for teaching purposes. Totalitarian countries have not subjected me to such a humiliation. I would urge competent lawyers to raise their voices in this matter of vital importance to the preservation and protection of our justly famous Bill of Rights.

PROF. B. M. STANFIELD
University of Puerto Rico
San Juan, Puerto Rico

All About Covington

Dear Sirs: Please refer to the first paragraph on page 280 of the October 22, 1960, special issue of *The Nation* titled "Gambling, Inc.: Treasure Chest of the Underworld." The following sentence appears in this paragraph: "Throughout New York State, throughout the nation, the location of major books can be determined by piecing together the pattern that emerges from telephone call slips linking the books to 'the line' in Minneapolis and 'the layoff' in Covington, Kentucky." The same reference to the City of Covington appears in several places of the well-written article by a competent author.

I am not asking for a retraction of this reference to Covington, Kentucky, as a "layoff" center for hand books, but must say that this is in error. However, I will hasten to state that this mistake is natural, in that your information was taken from "telephone call slips."

Some knowledge of the local geography of northern Kentucky is necessary before the situation can be fully understood.... The entire area is served by the Citizens Telephone Company, a subsidiary, or a branch of the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company. All billing is made from Covington, Kentucky, and all long distance calls from the area must clear the Covington exchange. Hence any calls originating in any of the thirty-five cities or two counties in the urban area would show on the telephone call slips as coming from Covington, Kentucky.

This, of course, establishes a possibility, but proves nothing.... On January 1, 1961, a raid in Miami, Florida, brought the same tales of layoffs in Covington. This appeared on all national news releases. Our police contacted the Dade County authorities and received full cooperation. They were able to supply the telephone numbers of the layoff headquarters. None were in Covington or Kenton County. We are deeply grateful to the Dade County Police.

JOHN J. MOLONEY
Covington, Ky. Mayor

Dear Sirs: The October 22, 1960, issue of your publication has been brought to the attention of this office and in particular the article appearing at page 280 in that publication with special reference to Covington, Kentucky.

This is to advise you that I have been Commonwealth's Attorney in the county in which Covington, Kentucky, is situated since November, 1958; that on three separate occasions during my tenure, I have had the opportunity to investigate and check out the foundless allegations contained in your article on that page. There is no clearing house in Covington, Kentucky, or in Kenton County, and unless a retraction is printed in your publication given the same prominence as was the original libelous statement contained therein, I shall be forced to subpoena you and your editorial staff before the next session of the Kenton County Grand Jury so that you may testify with reference to the facts on which you base the conclusion that Covington, Kentucky, is the "layoff" as reffered to in your article.

Perhaps your erroneous information is based upon the fact that the telephone numbers where such activity does take place in this county or the city of Covington are located within the Covington building district of the Citizens Telephone Company, Incorporated, and as such, you have drawn the erroneous, false and libelous conclusion that therefore the institution itself is located in Covington, Kentucky.

In the event that a retraction is not prominently published in the next issue or a special issue such as the one in which the libelous matter was published, I shall urge the local District Attorney

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Great Illusion

The strangest psychological phenomenon of the twentieth century, transcending the frenzies and manias of the Dark Ages, is "civil defense" — the notion that an H-bomb war could be conducted, on the home front, like World War II. As the missiles plunge down the sirens will sound, the citizens will troop to the shelters or drive out to the country for a few weeks; then the dead will be buried, the wreckage will be cleared away, and life will return to normal. The public does not exactly buy this fantasy, since the exhortations to build private backyard shelters have fallen on deaf ears, but neither does it hoot the promoters offstage. Like religion and top management, civil defense is too sacred to be discussed in any critical spirit.

There is, however, Philip Wylie, America's foremost iconoclast who, in *Generation of Vipers*, dared to castigate the majority of his fellow citizens while continuing to pursue an enormously successful career as a fiction writer. Introduced by Senator Young of Ohio, Mr. Wylie demolishes the edifice of civil defense in the *Congressional Record* (February 22). Wylie's blast appeared originally in *The Rotarian*.

The impact of Wylie's attack stems from the fact that he speaks as a former sponsor of civil defense. In the era of the A-bomb, he believed the United States could win a nuclear war; he wrote a novel, *Tomorrow*, to arouse the citizens from their apathy. It was on the strength of his views and considerable governmental experience that the Federal Civil Defense Administration, upon its creation in 1949, asked him to serve as an expert consultant. Wylie did so serve under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower.

The difference between Wylie and the political hacks and lame ducks who continue to preach civil defense is that Wylie has a brain and he uses it. The H-bomb changed his mind. In the *Rotarian* article, he tells of some aspects of an H-bomb war which so far have been classified as far as the public is concerned, although James E. McDonald has given a graphic description of the effects of a nuclear blast on Tucson, Arizona (*The Nation*, "Cities Into Targets," May 21, 1960). The first point Wylie makes is that civil defense always assumes that there will be a single assault, but with the Soviet Union and the United States stockpiling tens of thousands of bombs, it is much more likely that there would be a series of attacks, lasting perhaps for weeks or months—as long as either side had any nuclear munitions and means of delivery left. Then there are the firestorms, which occurred in relatively modest magnitude in Hamburg and Tokyo during World War II. A firestorm is a hurricane fed by fire: trucks, cars, houses, wreckage, fire-fighting apparatus, people, everything would be sucked into the vortex from the periphery, and any persons remaining alive in the shelters would be asphyxiated by the exhaustion of air—and then roasted.

Wylie also effectively disposes of the evacuation theory. That any metropolis could be evacuated in a few hours was never credible to anyone who has seen metropolitan traffic even under normal conditions, but what if the drivers were blind? And they would be. "Granting clear weather," Wylie writes, "the explosion of a medium-sized H-weapon, day or night, would cause all persons indoors or out within view of the fireball to look at it, by uncontrollable reflex. And such people, seeing the fireball bloom into glaring reality, whether in an air or ground burst, would be made blind instantly, even at distances of forty miles from the explosion. . . ."

WHAT can explain the failure to recognize facts so obvious? One reason lies in the vast interests vested in the cold war and the "here today, gone tomorrow" philosophy of many moderns. Wylie points out, however, that modernism is exactly what is lacking. That national power in the classic sense is now without meaning, that victory is unattainable, that war is no longer the supreme arbitrating force, is to many persons unacceptable and inconceivable. Their minds have not moved into the nuclear age. So the fatuous bureaucrats of civil defense prey on them. The vast illusion to which they cling constitutes the greatest threat to national security. Not only does it prevent us from seeking security through rational means — disarmament, for example — but it makes us puppets of the interests that seek to promote the arms race. As Louis B. Sohn pointed out in *The Nation* of Feb. 25 ["Security Through Disarmament"], before any meaningful disarmament negotiations can be conducted with the Soviets, there must be negotiation with the American people; that is, we must be induced to abandon our grand illusion. And we will not

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be thoroughly convinced of our stake in disarmament until the full meaning of modern armaments and what could happen if they were used is brought home to us.

Wanted — a Peace Movement

The indoctrination to which the American people have been subjected for nearly two decades, the economic stake which many have in the arms race, the lag of thought and feeling behind the revolutionary weapons technologies — all have combined to stifle opposition to war. Add to these the fact that no battles have been fought on American soil for a century, and it is quite understandable that the political schizophrenia described by Philip Wylie has become the accepted thing. The most important issues are the least discussed; the things most needed are the least desired. In Britain, there is a strong and growing peace movement; in the United States, fifteen years after World War II, there is as yet nothing that resembles an effective peace movement in the political sense. When the beginning of one arises, no time is lost in attacking it (see Barbara Deming's article on page 200).

Yet, if there is no effective peace movement, neither is there a war movement. The divorce from the political realities has gone so far and no farther. The opportunity to influence the mass of citizens remains.

That the situation is far from hopeless is shown by three articles by Mary Hornaday in the *Christian Science Monitor*. Miss Hornaday finds that there is an American peace movement, but it is "sprawling and indecisive." She quotes Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania), who calls the lag between the establishment of an informed consensus and the enactment of action programs "truly frightening." When asked in a Gallup poll: "If Russia agrees to disarm under careful inspection by the United Nations, should the United States agree to disarm to the same extent, or not?" 41 per cent of those questioned said "no," and 13 per cent had no opinion. But 6 out of 10 who had college training answered "yes" — 60 per cent as compared with 46 per cent in the whole sample. Cyril Dunn, writing in the *Observer* (London), remarks that those who take part in discussion of nuclear testing are "almost exclusively intellectuals of the loftiest kind." College training certainly does not make one an intellectual, lofty or otherwise, but the trend is there. Those who know the score are the ones who must bear the burden of convincing the others. "We are never alone and can never be alone in the work for peace," says Clarence E. Pickett. "Each letter to Washington, each conversation for sanity with a neighbor or stranger, each personal demonstration of commitment and concern contributes to the 'gathering of the people' for peace." If Mr. Pickett is still undismayed after his long and arduous labors, no one need be discouraged in the quest for peace.

Are the People With It?

Bishop James A. Pike has issued a timely warning against what he terms "grass-roots McCarthyism," a movement without leaders but not without would-be-leaders. None of these aspirants, Bishop Pike notes, has "quite what the late Senator McCarthy had as a dynamic—and demonic—personality. But more and more people in our nation are with this thing; many more than ever were when McCarthy thrived." Yet this movement is "grass roots" only in the sense that it is being organized at the grass roots, not in the sense that it is spontaneous (see article p. 209). It is significant that the current upsurge of McCarthyism, of which there were scarcely any manifestations in 1960, an election year, should only have become conspicuous and clamorous with the installation of the "new generation" Administration in Washington. The timing would suggest that the purpose is to keep the Administration off balance, to push it to the Right if possible and, above all, to keep cold-war tensions at a high point by heavy injections of adrenalin into the body politic. Politically the movement is infantile; it bubbles with a kind of agitated incoherence. But while it hardly qualifies as a "grass-roots" movement, it has important if limited sponsorship, principally by defense contractors and trade associations having close ties with the armed services; and it enjoys, of course, the active support of HUAC.

Fortunately, the attempt to organize such a movement is stimulating an active opposition, particularly in campus communities. Recently, for example, 528 members of the Cornell University community signed a petition to Congress urging the abolition of HUAC. Among the signers were fifty-two professors (among them H. A. Bethe, Max Black, Andrew Hacker, Douglas F. Dowd, Philip Morrison, Jay Orear and Robin M. Williams, Jr.), ninety-three graduate students and 312 undergraduates. It indicts HUAC in these terms:

1. The Committee has perverted, and thereby imperiled, the proper and necessary powers of the Congress to conduct investigations.
2. The Committee has helped discourage free study and inquiry in working for peace while the world is threatened with destruction.
3. It has harassed Americans who work for racial equality and justice.
4. It has increased bitterness between racial and religious groups of our citizens, which in turn has imperiled our good relations with the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America.
5. It has discouraged social and cultural contacts with our neighbors on this shrinking planet. It has discouraged U.S. students and scholars from studying in countries which we Americans desperately need to understand.

The House Committee on Un-American Activities has in these ways weakened America. At no time in our history have we needed to be stronger. At no time have we

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needed to be wiser. Let us rid ourselves of this agent of weakness and folly.

In the dialectics of politics every challenge provokes a response; the response to the new grass-roots McCarthyism strikes us as more significant than the challenge.

The Forgotten Formosans

In the hullabaloo about which China Formosa belongs to, nobody asks the Formosans. Recently a group of Formosans living in the United States, who assert that they represent the "overwhelming majority" of their home island's people, met in New York and came to the not unsurprising conclusion that Formosa should belong to the Formosans. The group, which calls itself the United Formosans for Independence, formulated a program for the solution of the whole vexing problem which calls for the following steps: (1) a U.N.-sponsored plebiscite in the island which, the group is certain, will confirm the Formosan people's desire for independence; (2) the withdrawal by the United States from Quemoy and Matsu; (3) admission of an independent Formosa (if the plebiscite goes as expected) and of Communist China into the U.N.; (4) a U.N. guarantee for the repatriation of those Nationalist Chinese on the island who want to go home, or for their naturalization as Formosans if they want to stay where they are.

I-te Chen, a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania, the president of the United Formosans for Independence, points out that today nine of the ten million inhabitants of the island are Formosans, not Chinese; and he reminds anyone who will listen that as late as 1874 the then Manchu rulers of the Chinese mainland disclaimed sovereignty over Formosa. Mr. Chen cites a list of grievances against the Chiang Kai-shek regime—who hasn't such a list?—which adds up to a charge that a million Nationalist Chinese are treating nine million Formosans as second-class citizens.

Mr. Chen's "One Formosa—One China" proposal may or may not be practical, but it has the ring of justice—a fatal flaw, no doubt, in a world run in the interests of power rather than of peoples.

"Time, Gentlemen!"

Britain has proposed a new constitution for its African colony of Northern Rhodesia, a colony linked in a shaky federation with Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The constitution would enfranchise some 70,000 of the 2,300,000 black Northern Rhodesians and give them parity with the 70,000 white settlers in electing a Legislative Council. Chief opponent of the constitution is Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the federation.

Sir Roy says that Rhodesia's destiny should remain in the hands of its white settlers for some time to come, and he has appealed for American understanding of his position. "We, too, are pioneers," he told a *New York Times* reporter. "This land is what your West was in the 1890s." Pointing to his grandson as "a fourth-generation Rhodesian," Sir Roy stated that "European roots are as deep here as African roots."

The same argument is also used by South African whites, who say that South Africa was originally, and thinly, inhabited by the Hottentots. The populous Bantu Negro tribes, they claim, began to migrate southward about the same time that the first Boer settlers arrived from Holland in 1652. Needless to say, the Hottentots' prior claim earned them no better treatment from the Boers than the Bantu received.

Sir Roy pleads, "Don't push us . . . give us the time and we will build a moderate society." But Sir Roy's own effort to prove his title to Rhodesia reveals that the whites already have had four generations' worth of time—to be exact, seventy-two years. The South Africans have had three centuries in which to reach some decent accommodation with their Negro fellow man, as have the European-descended citizens of Virginia. The attempt to justify rule by a racial elite because it is made up of oldest inhabitants deserves only one answer: "Old enough to know better!"

The American Way

Years ago, in *The Folklore of Capitalism,* Thurman Arnold pointed out that, when it comes to social innovation and change, the American way is never to call a thing by its right name. "Nationalization," for example, is an abhorrent and almost obscene term. But this applies only to ownership and direction of enterprise. It by no means precludes nationalization in the form of subsidies to failing private enterprise. In fact, this variety, which might be called the nationalization of the taxpayer, is a fine and virtuous thing. It is now being applied to the railroads, which many years ago took on the job of bringing commuters into the city from the suburbs. They are still doing that job, with the same equipment that they were using in the twenties. All that has changed is their rates, which are sky-high and headed into outer space. As they lose customers, they naturally need higher rates to compensate for the smaller volume. But no present or prospective charge seems to be enough, consequently the roads are applying for subsidies, tax relief, federally guaranteed loans, and other props for the free enterprise they exemplify and cherish. In the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, one of the principal carriers serving New York City and the states of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, the City and the federal government are merging their efforts to save the road.

It would be heartening if this did not combine the

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worst features of two systems of organization, the public and the private. Failing any real reforms, all this cooperative effort can only result in a perpetuation of the methods and managements which bankrupted the road and forced it to cry for public assistance. When someone suggested that executive salaries might be too high, the governors of the states engaged in the salvage operation quickly backed away. That would be interference with private enterprise, which must be preserved even when it is a conspicuous failure. What happened to the commuter railroads, actually, is that they tried to load a decrepit technology onto the backs of the riders, or victims. Instead of speeding up the service, running shorter and more frequent trains, and competing with private cars and buses, these carriers behaved as if engineering in surface transportation had come to an end early in the century and their job was to give it a decent burial.

When people no longer move to the suburbs because all the land has been taken up by highways, and the highways are still clogged in the rush hours, some other solution may be sought, but until the debacle everyone will have the consolation of doing the wrong things in the good old American fashion.

The Ordeal of SANE . . *by Barbara Deming*

> I doubt that there is any single course of action before us that will be free of anguish and ordeal for the organization. —Norman Cousins

EVER SINCE Senator Dodd charged that the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy was infiltrated by Communists, Steve Allen, who is one of SANE's sponsors, has been plagued by pickets carrying such signs as: STEVE WANTS TO CRAWL ON HIS KNEES TO THE KREMLIN; YOU CAN HAVE HIM, WE DON'T WANT HIM. Allen has commented—half in humor, half in pain: "The situation seemed unreal. . . . I couldn't seem to connect it with myself"; and to elaborate, he told the old story about the man who fell out a ninth-floor window and was lying on the street "when a policeman came running up. The policeman said 'What's going on here?' and the man said 'I don't know; I just got here myself.' . . . I felt very much like the man in the story," said Allen.

I have just been interviewing some of the key figures involved in the division in SANE's ranks that is also an aftermath of Dodd's attack, and as I made my inquiries, the imagery of Allen's grotesque joke kept recurring to me. Realities that seem unreal lie, I think, very much at the heart of the story of SANE's difficulties.

BARBARA DEMING has had fiction, poetry and criticism published in many national magazines.

But here, first, are the literal outlines of that story:

SANE (the name was derived from Erich Fromm's book, *A Sane Society*) was set up in the fall of 1957 as a committee to protest, and to rouse others to protest, against the dangers of continued nuclear testing. It gradually extended its purposes and spoke out for the necessity of total world disarmament under U.N. supervision; and it began making such minimal suggestions, too, as that the U.N. and the World Court should be strengthened, and the U.N. should be inclusive in its membership. It also extended itself organizationally. It was originally conceived of as simply a national committee to gather eminent sponsors, circulate speakers, literature and petitions, presenting its position on TV and radio and through ads in *The New York Times*. But the first such ad that it placed ("We are facing a danger unlike any danger that has ever existed," it began) evoked such a response (thousands of letters poured in, asking: what can we do to help?) that local chapters came into being throughout the country—by spontaneous combustion, as it were. "We grew rather like Topsy," says Norman Thomas.

The board as a whole had been unprepared for this growth—spent several meetings arguing whether or not anything should be done about the letters. As it gained support, SANE seemed to some to promise to become a true mass movement. Last May 19, as the culmination of a series of smaller ventures, it held a huge rally in Madison Square Garden, featuring speakers from a broad political spectrum—all the way from Norman Thomas to Alfred Landon. At the end of the rally, Thomas led 5,000 from the audience in a peace march to the United Nations Plaza.

JUST at this point—just before the rally was scheduled to take place—Senator Dodd entered the scene with his charges of Communist infiltration. The Senator was the most conspicuous Congressional opponent of the nuclear-test-ban policies of the Eisenhower administration and had made a speech against them in the Senate on May 12. He had also voted against the Antarctic Treaty that sought to prevent the extension of the atomic-arms race.

Acting as temporary chairman of the Senate Internal Subcommittee, Senator Dodd subpoenaed Henry Abrams, a former leader of the American Labor Party, who had played a leading role in the planning and promotion of the Madison Square Garden mass meeting. Abrams took the Fifth Amendment. Norman Cousins, SANE's co-chairman, then called in Abrams and begged him to be frank with SANE's national board members, so that they would be able to defend him—and SANE. Was he a Communist? Abrams refused, on principle, to answer the question, though he assured them, according to

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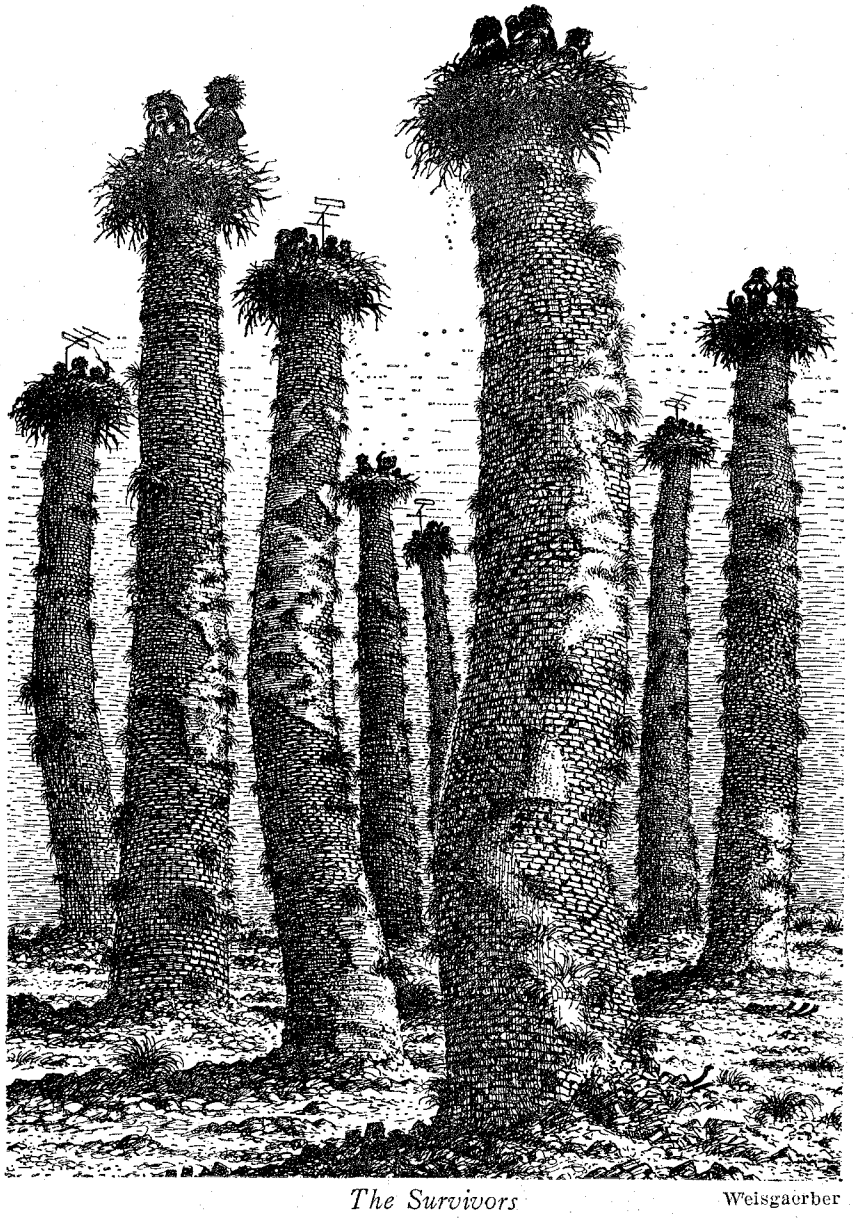
Cousins, "that he was not under the orders or instruction of any outside agent or organization, and that his sole concern was to help make SANE a success." Cousins finally asked him to resign.

It happened, by a fluke of fate, that Dodd was a neighbor and friend of Cousins (they had worked together in the United World Federalists—and Dodd, curiously enough, had defended that organization against charges of un-Americanism by veterans groups). Cousins now hurried to Washington to see the Senator and to ask him to hold off publicity on the matter until after the rally had taken place. Dodd agreed to do so. Just what Cousins said to Dodd is a question that has been argued bitterly, but in a speech to the Senate on May 25, Dodd announced that Cousins had expressed himself eager to have his help in cleaning SANE's house of subversives.

There also appeared stories in the New York *Journal-American* reporting Cousins as accusing Abrams of plotting to have Communists take over the rally. Cousins denied to SANE supporters that he had made any such charges, and he asked the paper for a retraction of the story—without success.



The Survivors Weisgaerber

ON MAY 26, the national board issued a new policy statement, setting up standards for those who could work in SANE: members of the Communist Party were not welcome, as they were "not free . . . to apply to the misconduct of the Soviet or Chinese governments the same standard by which they challenge others." In its statement, the board also expressed its resentment at the intrusion of a Congressional committee into its affairs, declaring that these standards had been under consideration long before Dodd had stepped in. A couple of months later (obviously after much discussion), it issued a statement as to how the new policy would be implemented: members would be asked to exercise "self-judgment" in the first place, as to the "best interests" of the organization; and in the event of any serious challenge as to their "good faith," they would be expected to discuss matters "fully and frankly" with the board.

At this point, a number of people resigned — among them Robert Gilmore of the American Friends Service Committee. Gilmore had been SANE's chief administrator; in Norman Thomas' words, "its guiding hand and brain." The Greater New York Committee of SANE (comprising numerous locals) fought the new policy for weeks, trying to get it rescinded. They also fought to get the national board to speak out strongly and publicly against Dodd. The Senator in the meanwhile had launched his attack on Linus Pauling—a SANE sponsor, since resigned—demanding that he name those who helped him obtain the 11,000 signatures of scientists on the 1958 atomic test-ban petition to the United Nations.

Mr. Dodd had also subpoenaed thirty-seven more SANE supporters. New York wanted national SANE to run an ad in *The New York Times* in their defense. The national board refused, claiming that it was working quietly and more effectively behind the scenes, obtaining assurances that would save the thirty-seven from harmful publicity and Pauling from a contempt citation. "A precarious equilibrium" was involved, they explained (the members of Dodd's committee apparently were exerting pressure on Dodd to be less gentlemanly than he had been). Cousins explained: "I do not believe Senator Dodd is a McCarthy; therefore I will make no such statement,"

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and "I do not make the mistake of thinking that he is not just as committed to the cause of peace as I am."

New York finally bowed to national policy, but by then mutual confidence had been so impaired that national SANE asked that New York turn in its charter, and that the numerous locals that existed under its auspices reapply for charters individually. This process is now going on. There is talk among the disaffected in this group, as well as elsewhere in the country, of starting a less restrictive peace movement.

AND WHERE does Steve Allen's painful joke come in? Consider at closer range the events just sketched:

Here is a group of men who for three years have been working side by side with extraordinary enthusiasm. Now they take their separate ways and, as they do so, they stare after one another sadly. With few exceptions, they esteem each other highly. Of this they assured me repeatedly and of this they assure each other in numerous letters and interoffice memos back and forth: "My respect and affection for you will not be lessened"; "He is a sincere and noble man"; "He is a dear friend." All of them hope, urgently, that they will still be able to cooperate *somehow* in the cause of peace. The letters of resignation or farewell almost always end: "I shall always be ready and willing to assist you"; "I do look forward to working with you . . . whether or not. . . ." Those who are staying and those who are leaving agree that SANE is an altogether necessary organization to have upon the scene. Many are conspicuously anxious to know the kind of story I intend to write: Would it belittle the role that the commitee can still play? This anxiety is most striking in the case of Henry Abrams. Even this man, who feels bitterly that he has been ill-used ("I should have been defended")—even he makes it very clear that he wouldn't want to become the focus of an attack on SANE. "It shouldn't be hindered."

What is the work they all feel shouldn't be hindered? Given the fact that we now have weapons that could destroy most if not all of life upon the planet, and the mere testing of which can do unreckoned harm to generations living and unborn—a fact which has caused heads of government throughout the world to declare that war has become outmoded and "there is no alternative to peace"—SANE has been urging our government to take those very measures which that government itself declared to be necessary. Why then this anguish? Why this ordeal? The answer: A man has stepped into the picture whose interest in destroying the organization is perfectly obvious, and he has spoken two words: "Communist infiltration."

NOW let me quote Steve Allen again, in a letter to the editor of *Survival*:

> It should be obvious that an organization consisting of many thousands of members, an organization that does not have one single Communist in a position of leadership, and that furthermore incorporates no Communist ideas within its platform, but which rather calls for a moral reawakening and popular support for the policy of the present Republican Administration . . . is an entirely virtuous body.

Those who had set up the organization had taken care to make this virtue "obvious." The May 26 policy statement itself declares:

> . . . to provide as much as possible against [attack], [SANE] . . . created a deliberately autocratic organization in which the ultimate power of decision and policy-making resides in the members of the corporation, a small number of the national leadership. If a local group deviates from the declared policy . . . it is subject to disaffiliation. . . . There is no possible way in which the organization can be turned aside from its purpose or its goals or its methods of action.

Henry Abrams commented to me: "The committee on top that made the policy was beyond reproach. Down below, it wasn't vital that the local groups who carried out that policy be of the same respectability—I hate to use the word; I don't think that I'm a bum —, of the same irreproachable character, from the standpoint of American politics."

Let me return to Allen's letter, however, and quote a little more, because its conclusions are not those which the passage already quoted may have suggested. He writes:

> *In reality*, it matters not a bit whether there might be . . . a Communist or two in the SANE woodwork . . . since, if there has been any attempt at infiltration at points of control, it has certainly failed. But . . . if there *are* a handful of people in the organization, however powerless, who are either Communists at present or who were in the not-distant past, then this makes it very easy for those who wish to smear our organization to do so. . . . So . . . if . . . there are Communists on stage then it is they, and not Senator Dodd, who bear the primary blame for the difficulties under which we are at the moment laboring. . . . Although it seems almost absurd, I must not close this letter without reiterating that I have no personal knowledge that there is a single Communist in [SANE].

So they may not even exist in SANE, and if they do exist they are certainly powerless—*"in reality"*—but ("What's going on here? I don't know; I just got here myself") it is *they* against whom SANE must turn and do battle.

THIS IS, of course, precisely the issue on which the division in SANE occurred: whether or not to insist on the realities of the situation. "The argument I am outlining is based upon the concept of the political irrationality of our society," Allen explains in his letter. Probably 95 per cent of the country, he says, is politically irrational. It is the point of view of those who have resigned from SANE that it was SANE's job to try to awaken the public. It is the attitude of those who drew up the May 26 policy and its implementation that if one wants mass support, public irrationality must be deferred to. If the people are scared of phantoms, one must go through the motions of attacking the phantoms.

"One has to deal," says Norman Thomas, "with those Americans whose name is legion who connect peace and communism." "Some of our most valuable members," writes Norman Cousins, "enjoyed national prominence in the entertainment field. They could be cut down in no time at all as a result of a public impression that" etc., etc. He had

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given such people assurances, he goes on to say, that joining SANE would not make them vulnerable to name-calling. Having given these assurances, it is understandable that when Dodd came along, Cousins felt he had no other course to take than that which he took.

Among those who remain on the national board, there was not perfect unanimity about the treatment of Dodd. A number of them, I gather, would have preferred to treat him more roughly—were less ready than Cousins to accept Dodd's own assurances that he wished the organization no harm. But they were agreed, nevertheless, upon the need to stress appearances.

WHAT is poignant in the drama of SANE is the obvious discomfort of these men in the position they have taken. They see it as an overwhelming, an obvious necessity. But they do care about civil liberties; they are, as they point out, "civil libertarians from way back"; they have taken strong stands in that field. Thomas, for example, fought valiantly against the Smith Act. In the various memos they send out, their "anguish" now and their "ordeal" is quite visible. They describe over and over the way in which they want to think they can behave:

> If a valid question comes up, it will not be handled arbitrarily, but will be worked out . . . reasonably and carefully. . . . We will take the steps necessary to be able to guarantee these standards, but we will not stoop to methods that molest the dignity or the rights of the individual concerned. . . . [We] will deal with these charges soberly, quietly, and with common sense.

There is no question that they would like to. Nevertheless, because they feel the need to consider the image that they present to those who cannot see what is obvious, an impossible ambivalence runs through these same memos. Individuals will be judged "on a performance basis," it is declared. However, in a subsequent statement, one encounters the phrase, "If . . . spokesmen . . . have their good faith questioned. . . ." And it was certainly not on a judgment of performance that Abrams was asked to resign. Abrams himself had declared to Cousins: "You have the right to ask me two questions: Have I always followed the policy set down by the national board? And have I done a good job? I think the answer to both is in the affirmative." I have heard no one deny that it was.

THOSE who argued the necessity of the new policy pointed out sometimes in argument that liaison with various locals had been very slight. How, then, could one say that SANE was in a position to challenge Dodd? E. I. Meyerding told of an instance in which a small group had used the name of SANE for over a year before the national board even knew of its existence. (Much closer supervision of locals has now been arranged for.) Nevertheless, in spite of this relaxed state of affairs, not one instance was cited to me of any group—"Communist, Socialist, Pacifist or God knows what" as Gilmore put it—misusing SANE for its own ends.

Just how insubstantial was Dodd's case against SANE is reflected in an extraordinary statement sent out by the national board on September 29—a memo asking the chapters please not to take any "impulsive or imprudent action" on their own. "The first point that must be emphasized," it says, "is that the National Committee . . . is not under investigation. That is, no enquiry is being made into the Committee or its policies or its program." Dodd had assured them of this. The board's failure to question that assurance caused understandable bitterness among those who had been subpoenaed—who were well aware that if the national program were not "*in reality*" under attack, through them, they would not have been harassed.

In taking a conciliatory position, the national board claimed to be acting out of concern for all those who had "put their names and reputations on the line" to work for SANE. This concern need not be questioned. The irony is that it was wasted: Steve Allen *is* being picketed. By failing to insist that it wouldn't matter if there *were* "a Communist or two in the woodwork," SANE in effect granted Dodd his altogether questionable premise: that even if there's nothing wrong he can point to about its activities, even if any Communists who may work for it are obviously powerless, even if there's no proof that there *are* any Communists in it, still, if it's remotely possible that there are, it can be said to be dangerously contaminated.

Those who resigned from SANE felt strongly that SANE's role should have been to awaken the public to the irrationality of such a claim. They saw the failure to do so as an opportunity tragically lost. SANE had the power and the prestige to respond to the Senator's attack "with a ringing challenge," wrote Robert Gilmore in his letter of resignation. "A new wind is blowing . . . and a new spirit arising. . . . For the first time in many years it seems . . . likely that there will be a serious examination of the basic assumptions underlying the . . . drift toward destruction." It was the argument of the national board that SANE must not be turned aside from its central task, must not be "diverted into being primarily a civil-liberties agency" (the words are those of Norman Thomas).

BUT FOR those who resigned, the issues of peace and of civil liberties appeared indivisible—the blind dread of contamination by domestic Communists (upon which Dodd played) not at all unrelated to attitudes of rigid dread held about Russia and China. "SANE should recognize," wrote Gilmore, that one

> cause which contributes to the possibility of mass annihilation . . . is the condition under which one . . . group of men regards another . . . not as fellow human beings but as alien creatures. If SANE contributes to the spread of this disease within its own ranks, it contributes just as surely to the human condition leading toward the destruction it was formed to battle against.

It is not Gilmore's position that there is simply no "Communist problem" for the organization. He does not advocate a united front. I heard one ex-member of the Greater New York group argue that SANE should welcome Communists who wished to work in it, because "to assume that

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Communists can't work for survival in good faith is to surrender all hope for peace." Gilmore is more wary than this; but he advocates dealing with the problem simply by "defining (SANE's) programs, pronouncements, activities so clearly . . . that those who really cannot accept that stand find the organization uncongenial and not useful for their purposes"; and, in the second place, by judging individuals "on the basis of actual performance."

THE WORDS just quoted are actually those of the pacifist minister, A. J. Muste, writing in *Liberation* on "The Crisis in SANE"; but his position is the same as Gilmore's. Muste had been one of SANE's New York sponsors, but resigned along with Gilmore. In his article, he elaborates upon the theme of "actual performance": "We are living in a new period, and many people are in the process of revising their thinking and their associations. A good many former Communists and sympathizers are essentially sound people; it should not be necessary at this hour to argue against the idea that they will be Stalinists at heart forever. . . . Some of them never were." Then he adds: "But if they find in a peace organization the same kind of dogmatism, suspicion, and obsession with orthodoxy that finally drove them out of the Communist Party or its fronts, they will stop working."

The committee drew up the May 26 standards lest it run the risk of losing supporters afraid for their reputations. It is the conviction of those who have resigned that if it had taken a fearless stand, these people would have been heartened to stand with it. One more irony involved is that by declining to do so, it may actually have lost—from the Left especially—many of its most vigorous workers: the kind of people, according to an ex-member of the New York committee, whose initiative over and over again "prepared the way for National to realize that it could do more in the field than it had thought. . . . Most liberals won't work that hard, don't give up that much of their spare time," he said. Then he stopped. "Maybe that's not true any more," he said hopefully; "maybe they're becoming more aware."

There is one irony in the picture, however, that dwarfs all others. The central fuss here was supposedly about one's ability to be critical of those who obstructed peace—in whatever government; yet here was a United States Senator clearly out to sabotage the peace movement, and it was somehow thought "politically relevant" to avoid pointing out the real nature of his act. SANE had declared to all that it wished to "serve as a rallying point of mass education"; but by worrying about the image of itself it might project to the foolish, by staring at the Gorgon head of "the irrationality of our society," it had been diverted from conducting for the public a fundamental lesson. Standing up to Dodd, A. J. Muste put it, "would have meant seeing that . . . SANE was really against the war makers, the cold warriors, in the United States as much as on the other side." If that had penetrated, he mused, who knows how far the committee might not have gone? It was his feeling, and Robert Gilmore's, that if only SANE had fearlessly criticized the Senator, it might have "moved through to a new world"—a world, they meant, in which *the* reality of these times was recognized: that war is, first and foremost, the enemy that we confront.

HERE it becomes relevant to speak of a division that had existed in the ranks of SANE's national board from the day of its inception—a division between the liberals and the radical pacifists. Here, from the beginning, was a group of men agreed to work together for certain specific goals, but among whom some stood, individually, for proposals more extreme than any SANE was likely to advance. The pacifists believed, actually, that the United States should not wait for other nations to disarm, but should disarm unilaterally —training the country in forms of non-violent resistance, and exploring on the world scene non-violent means with which to advance the democratic cause—boldly rejecting the idea "that democratic values can be defended or international problems solved by military means in the world today." (The words I have just quoted are from the manifesto of a newly-formed discussion group, The Committee of Correspondence, which Muste and Gilmore helped bring into being.)

It always seemed possible, said Gilmore, that some world situation might emerge that would provoke a crisis in the committee due to this difference in position; but for the time, at least, they were able to "be comfortable" with each other — find common ground. The pacifists kept hoping that the liberals would move closer and closer to their position — would come to call at least for unilateral initiative; but they never did expect them to move up all the way. The difference that finally split them, of course, might be called essentially the same difference — one of daring. This difference, one must note, marks them off as well from those on the progressive Left who resigned at the same time. They dare to think that on the world scene as well as on the domestic, one can rely on non-violent means to prevail over the Communists. "But," says Gilmore, "it never was our hope to make a pacifist organization out of SANE."

IT WAS, it seems, actually the pacifists who brought SANE into being. The immediate occasion of the pacifist initiative was a profound concern about the urgency of the times which had seized Lawrence Scott, who has recently been the guiding spirit of the Fort Dietrich vigil. "He sort of pushed all of us into action," says A. J. Muste. Muste is also a principal influence in the whole thing, says Robert Gilmore.

In informal meetings of some of the leaders of pacifist groups like the War Resisters League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, The Women's International League for Peace and the Friends, two decisions were reached three years ago.

The first decision was to become more active, themselves, in the direct-action field (and out of this came the various civil-disobedience projects in which they have since been engaged). The second was to try to stir

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up liberal activity relating to peace, for apathy was country-wide; and, as one of them phrased it, they were a little inhibited about putting forward their more radical proposals when no dialogue was possible with the center — when the liberals, with few exceptions, were not themselves talking very loudly about the dangers of this nuclear age.

What happened was that several of them sought out Norman Cousins, Norman Thomas and others and, after long talks, Cousins was persuaded to be co-chairman of a committee. (SANE would probably not have been possible without Cousins, Gilmore stresses.) The other co-chairman was the Quaker, Clarence Pickett (who, by the way, with certain other pacifists, has remained with the committee). To a large extent, SANE was built by American Friends Service Committee people throughout the country.

No one quite thought it would work, said Gilmore, "after thirteen years of cold stillness in the United States. But — it did. It had a possibility of transforming itself into something like the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. It lost that chance; but it still has a lot of relevance." And once it existed at all, he stressed, they had accomplished two-thirds of what they hoped for.

The ordeal of SANE results from the fact that the realities of this new age seem to so many people unreal. One of the basic reasons, says Muste, that we don't get more progress toward disarmament is that "once our arms are laid down, however gradually, what lies beyond is unknown territory, unexplored." He quotes Kenneth Boulding of the University of Michigan:

> We are . . . totally unprepared for peace. . . . It may be forced upon us before we really want it. . . . We have dreamed of Utopia, and secretly been thankful that it is only a dream. Now we are going to be compelled to think about it, and think hard and long.

The Constitution vs. U.S. Diplomacy . . *by Sir John Lomax*

London

THE DWINDLING few in the British Isles who still do their own thinking about international affairs are the kind who used to believe themselves morally eligible to vote in the American Presidential election. "After all," they would argue, "we have the most at stake in the cold war. You resident Americans — after a little rearrangement of your affairs — would continue to live, move and have your being even if the worst should happen. But we, the hapless English, with no say in our fate, could be reduced to the mead and woad way of life if some of your eager candidates should turn out to be no better than our Baldwins or Chamberlains."

But no longer. They see now that U.S. election results can make but little difference in the dire equation of four and a half minutes' warning and no defenses. Neither youth and confidence, nor age, experience and good will can avert the hideous danger once it has left the diplomatic field and become a mere detail of technology.

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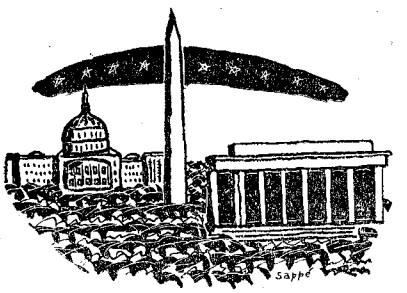
In the East-West strategy of the next few years, which is as far ahead as the English *cognoscenti* dare look, the right moves seem as likely or unlikely to be made by the President, present or elect, as by one of his defeated candidates. They wonder, indeed, how *anyone* could lead an alliance under a system designed and scrupulously operated — as is the American system — to manacle all leaders and prevent all alliances. They do not repine that necessity links Britain to the United States in



a limpet grip; rather, they reflect sadly that it makes them feel more like dependents, or maybe fellow-travelers, than allies. Their team-spirit is perpetually chilled by a certain hold-back attitude on the part of official America.

No doubt, this is also felt in some degree by other friendly Europeans, but because there is no language difference to blur the edges of the spoken or written impression, the English notice it more. The odd thing is that they never seem to know the cause; in consequence, it tends to be shrugged off as an innate American predilection for never getting committed, or for always having a line of retreat open; whereas, in fact, it arises from the simple fact that Washington's diplomacy, whether practiced by the President or the most humble vice-consul, is subject to rules laid down, or arising from what is not laid down, in the U.S. Constitution.

GOVERNMENT as practiced in Whitehall is almost ideal as a basis for effective diplomacy because the policy-makers and the Executive branch have an unusually free hand to issue instructions to their representatives. Perhaps this is why the unimaginative English seem unable to comprehend the effect of a written Constitution upon the everyday business of foreign relations. For example, the Foreign Office will always welcome anything its representatives may do to foster closer Anglo-American relations, which is a cornerstone of its policy; but it does not seem to appreciate that an American diplomatist is in a very different situ-

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ation. He must never forget that the links between his country and Britain can be no more than those defined in existing pacts, and that he cannot safely assume so much as a comma beyond that point. He must shun any wavering into vague engagements or half-promises as the surest poison to whatever good may be brewing in the slow-maturing Anglo-American vats.

There is sure to be a copy of the U. S. Constitution somewhere in the Chancelleries of Europe, but—like unread archives—it is probably hard to find. How otherwise explain why, at each great juncture of affairs in the world, Whitehall and the Quai D'Orsay forget the hoary document which stands behind every American negotiator as a censor upon his lips, a governor in his cerebro-motor, a contradictor if he is rash, and a lictor if he is presumptuous? In many and sad examples, European statesmen have seemed to think that Washington's envoys are free to treat their Constitution as "too venerable to denounce but too old to observe."

THE EXAMPLES of Versailles and Suez spring to mind. Lloyd George, Clemenceau and company would have been right to insist that President Wilson should postpone his signature to the Treaty and League until the Senate had voted consent. If so, the Senate might well have given their approval; or at worst, some other treaty—a Lodge-Harding model, perhaps — would eventually have emerged and a new League Covenant in harmony to suit all the allies and the ex-belligerents of the Central Powers too, and possibly even Russia. Then the second World War need not have happened.

Similarly at Suez. If the Foreign Office or Colonel Nasser had remembered the U.S. Constitution, they would have invited Mr. Dulles to produce Congressional authority in support of his offer to finance the High Dam. In that case, Nasser would have later had to find some other pretext for seizing the canal, and since there could hardly have been any others lying around in which an incautious Secretary of State was entangled, he would have met firm United States-Anglo-French opposition and canal-grabbing would have become an all-time forbidden exercise. Whereas. . . .

BUT great allowances must be made for foreign secretaries busy with the vast output of their diligent bureaus: they cannot read everything. To their eyes, the drill of diplomacy according to the U.S. Constitution is a contortionate spectacle. They are accustomed to the ruling charters of the diplomatic profession according to which "full powers" are the essence of representative status. They assume that when an ambassador has presented his credentials, he may speak with the full authority of his government. But, under the American system, the delegation of full powers is never automatic because, under the Constitution, there are no full powers to delegate—all powers are divided.

Prima facie, the duty of foreign relations is entrusted to the President, but his freedom of action is formally restricted by the Senate's control of treaty-making and by the right of Congress to regulate expenditures. Furthermore, the operation of the "system" is inimical, in other respects, to the practice of diplomacy—as, indeed, it was intended to be. For example, the relation of Presidency to Legislature makes for confusion in the deliberation of foreign-affairs issues, epecially when—as often happens—either or both chambers are controlled by the President's political opponents. There is also the apolitical nature of the Cabinet under which the Secretary of State, who instructs ambassadors, is virtually without independent authority himself. By virtue of his personality, he may have significant influence, but vis-à-vis the Presidency, his formal status is advisory, and he has no direct access to the Legislature, which divides with the President the powers from which plenipotentiary status could derive.

The result is that "full powers," in the accepted sense, can be conferred upon an American envoy only in respect of measures which have completed all the processes of enactment including parliamentary approval—a very restricted field. Altogether it amounts to a drastic limitation upon foreign affairs in all directions; but especially it makes it hard to negotiate with friends and allies who, being prone to take the will for the deed, may be dangerously misled.

IN THE past, the English have tended to disdain written constitutions, preferring their peculiar brand of government by a system of having no system. And, to be sure, it worked well, at least as long as the second chamber was strong enough to check exuberance in the majority. But a recent drift of power away from Parliament has led many to believe that a universal, adult-suffrage democracy needs the curb of a written set of ultimate rules as a safeguard against the encroachment of pressure groups forever growing more obnoxious, more obvious and harder to counter. Hence the American Constitution now assumes a new reverence to English eyes.

But respect for this great covenant of human rights does not debar free judgment of its restrictions in the realm of foreign relations which enshrine the convictions of long-ago settlers that they would do well to stay out of the stream of world affairs. For a century and a half they were right: that is a long time for any code of conduct to remain valid. But now the Republic is leading half the world in a struggle to save the very freedoms they sought to preserve by isolation. It is a fight for survival, and Western Europe is in the role of willing and expectant ally. The present danger is that the management of this international team, perforce in American hands, will languish from indecision, not because its policies falter in resolution, but for lack of prompt and firm enactment—not to mention the harmful side-effects reaching out to the distal ramifications of American diplomacy if envoys are left without clear authority, and must be forever looking over their shoulder lest they offend the Jefferson code devised for a reverse set of conditions.

In this order of ideas, it is natural for an informed Englishman to welcome the current change-over of top-level personalities in Washington

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only insofar as it is likely to smooth the asperities out of the American diplomatic system and thus avoid the display of cross-purposes which we have endured at every recent crisis. The latest examples include the unnecessary and harmful muddle between London, Paris and Washington over the timing of the Summit, whereby two out of the three leaders were made to look foolish; and again, when Prime Minister Macmillan gave an assurance to a parliamentary questioner about control of Polaris, and was disavowed by Washington to the embarrassment of all concerned. These incidents surely cause joy in Moscow, but they depress America's allies, who would be glad enough to follow a lead but would dearly love to march in step.

Amendments to the American Constitution have barely reached a score, of which only ten have been achieved since 1800. Furthermore, an amendment to unscramble the omelette of powers over foreign relations would not be a simple operation. On the other hand, the obstacles to amendment were intended to prevent change except in a first-class emergency, and it may perhaps be judged that the present dangers amount to that. Certainly, in the realm of foreign affairs, President Kennedy faces perils which no predecessor was ever called upon to encounter. In a sense which is almost unique in history, he is to be a world leader.

Furthermore, the general terms of the President's political doctrine and social faith are simple, concise, well understood, and conform almost exactly to the terms of the Constitution. Hence his task is to weld a massive majority bloc of world support into an effective defense against a smaller, but monolithic and totalitarian, opponent. It is hard to see how this can be accomplished in time unless America's diplomatic apparatus is somehow refashioned to meet the needs of the fast-moving contest.

BUT UNLIKE most of his predecessors, the new President has the crucial advantage at the outset of a substantial parliamentary majority. He is therefore better placed than most to make changes in the system, and it is an opportunity which may not recur. It is this conjunction of need and opportunity, of ideas and hopes, which stirs the imagination of America's allies and well-wishers (whose stake in the issue is overwhelming) with a vision of resplendent power if the strength of the transatlantic partner could be exerted by a straight drive with no pinions and fancy gearing to distract the thrust between origin and objective.

SURVIVAL IN THE ZOO . . *by David Cort*

ONE NAME officially given the present period, if we go back perhaps 70,000,000 years, is the Age of Mammals. This Age is still going on. However, a single species or genus of mammal has quite recently appropriated the whole planet and while bemoaning its own imminent extinction (at its own hands) is bringing to a rapid close the Age of (all the other) Mammals and some birds. At the very worst that can happen, Man is going to do better than the passenger pigeon, Labrador duck, Indian two-horned rhinoceros and quagga. These are already extinct, kaput, finished; and several vanished with a strange, black-out celerity, as the bald eagle and osprey may be about to do. These last try to breed, but suddenly find they cannot. One can imagine a sort of genetic disdain of living in this world of Man's.

In the last forty years, conservation in the United States has saved many species. The primary credit for ending the massacre of other species is generally given to the New York Zoological Society and its director, the late William Hornaday. Whether his policies, now enacted into United States law, will be accepted by the politicians of Africa, South America, Asia and the South Pacific in time is of course purely speculative. And so is the practical feasibility of ceding to the other animals large enough areas even of North America, which are coveted by the dominant animal, Man.

The official intermediary in this situation is the zoo, here defined as maintaining an international collection of live animals. In the United States, there are thirty-eight first-class zoos, of which the leading three are the New York Zoological Society's Bronx Zoo, Chicago's Brookfield Zoo and the San Diego Zoo. The Bronx Zoo, for example, maintains 3,006 animals divided into 1,099 species. It has 193 species of mammals, 640 of birds, and 266 of reptiles and amphibians. (Fish, of course, are in its Aquarium in Coney Island.)

The other zoos cover most enterprising American cities, with oddly blank areas in New England outside Boston, the Southern states down to South Carolina, and the plateau states excluding Colorado. It might be deduced that where people feel superior, they are less interested in the lower orders. There are also innumerable small or specialized exhibits of live animals. Some, as at Bear Mountain in New York and outside Tucson, Arizona, are excellent. But most show unkempt animals, often not identified, and sometimes inspiring more pity and revulsion than interest. The greatest concentration of these amateur collections is in Florida, followed by Southern California and Canada.

THE END of the Age of Mammals might be put into perspective by the response: "Who needs them?" It is true that nobody wants a wolf in the neighborhood, and U.S. wolves are down to around 1,000 survivors.

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But the ancestor stock of all our cattle, the aurochs, is extinct, and if we should want to breed from the original strain again, we simply could not do so. All we can do is debate whether the purer aurochs strain is the Spanish fighting bull or an English park breed. Before we say of any species, "Who needs it?" we might do better to give it several centuries of thought.

SOME FAIRLY radical new answers have been developed by the Bronx Zoo, particularly by its young director, William G. Conway.

One is to use theatrical devices to present the animal in a likeness of his natural environment. Another is to research and proceed with the breeding in captivity of species that are endangered in the wild state.

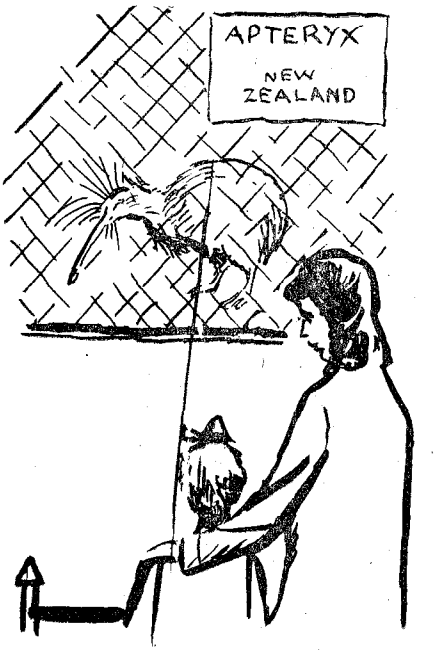
The second is not as futile as it may sound. In fact, two mammals that are extinct in the entirely wild state have prospered for some time only in zoos and parks. These are the Père David's deer of China, extinct in China, and the wisent, or European, bison. The Bronx Zoo has eight breeding Père David's deer, and imported a pair of wisent from Holland. (Incidentally, a few Père David's deer have at last been sent back to China.) Other species of mammals undoubtedly have a majority of their surviving populations in zoos; but the element of hope in this depends on their propagation in captivity.

"Survival Center" is the name of a projected new division of the Bronx Zoo, for which it is now campaigning for $12,000,000. The name sounds melodramatic, but it is justified for species for which the outside world is an extinction center. Some of the species that will be studied and bred here are bald eagle, nene goose (Hawaii), barnacle goose, sacred crane (northeast Asia), imperial parrot, imperial ivory-billed woodpecker (Mexico), prairie chicken, Asiatic rhinoceros, giant sable antelope, okapi, black-footed ferret, Komodo dragon, tuatera (New Zealand lizard, with which the Bronx Zoo has already set a longevity record — in captivity — of five years). The zoo has succeeded in breeding the pigmy hippopotamus, black-necked swan, Barrows golden-eye and eider (from eggs imported from Iceland). A Bronx Zoo man was the first to rear whooping cranes in captivity, in 1957.

Most mammals — cheetahs are an odd exception — will breed in captivity; but birds, particularly waterfowl, tend to turn celibate. Mr. Conway and his men want to know why; and, more important, how to change the picture. The female swan, for example, will sometimes breed if she has been captured very early, preferably before hatching. Other waterfowl are sometimes persuaded to breed simply by raising the water-level in the enclosure, but why this works is not understood. Much more must be known, and in a hurry, about the breeding patterns of endangered species. In the rearing of whooping cranes, Mr. Conway discovered a great deal about their procedures (*Animal Kingdom*, August, 1957), such as that early feeding is solely of proteins and minerals, grain is first offered the young after a week or so, much food is carefully washed by the parents, the mother was the more conscientious brooder, the father the better feeder, chicks did not respond to parents' calls but waited to be found, the father stays awake all night guarding the nest, and so on.

THE FIRST reform mentioned, that of presenting every creature *as if* in its wild home, is in large part pure theatricality, and was invented by Carl Hagenbeck in Hamburg over fifty years ago. Neither the animal nor the visitor will be entirely deceived by the new artifices contemplated; but both will enjoy the encounter more than when they stared at each other through bars or wire mesh. And perhaps some of the wild creatures *will* be deceived.

In the new aquatic bird house, the shore birds will be seen on a beach retreating before incoming artificial waves; the cliff birds will cling to the face of a sheer cliff with a simulated surf booming below; and the visitors will find themselves looking at eye-level into treetops (the tree trunks descending into a pit beneath) where herons are roosting.



The most extraordinary display will be that of those creatures that sleep by day and live by night, and hence are always seen sound asleep by zoo visitors. By keeping the lights up all night, the zoo will persuade them to sleep at night. When the visitors arrive by day, the lights will be dimmed sepulchrally, so that owls, bats, flying foxes, night monkeys and rattlesnakes will all spring into action. A minor difficulty in this program is getting an import permit for a flying fox, a big bat that feeds on fruit and terrifies the U.S. fruit lobby, no trifling lobby.

A Kodiak bear, which stands twelve feet tall and is the world's largest predator, will really get his message across to the visitor when he is met at arm's length through a pane of special glass, in a giant den.

The giraffes will at least appear to be feeding naturally on treetops, for their food will be placed there, instead of on the ground in a bucket.

Emperor penguins will be seen in an Antarctic scene, and air conditioning will throw a reasonably cold blast on the visitor.

The present system of putting all the kangaroos together, all the big cats in one house, etc., will eventually be replaced by geographical groupings such as Africa, and this will be subdivided into habitats, such as the forest, veld and bush. In each, the associated animals will be seen to-

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gether, though separated by hidden moats. Thus, in the American plains scene, the bison, wolf and prairie dog will seem to be associated on the terrain they actually occupy in common. All these rearrangements, of course, will cost a lot of money, while the results give people a vastly truer and more dramatic sense of how the rest of the animal kingdom lives.

This zoo of the future will also multiply its own headaches in an already complicated operation. A zoo commissary makes a United Nations dietary look simple, with over 1,000 species plus cranky individuals to feed. Supervising the rearing of young can require twenty-four-hour-a-day surveillance by scientists, who are paid by the New York Zoological Society. (Keepers, food, fuel and half of building costs are provided by New York City.) The new arrangements will certainly present unpredictable difficulties. An example is that if you drain the penguins' pool and then scare them they are likely to dive in on the concrete bottom and brain themselves. The mortality in even well-run zoos is distressing, and usually inexplicable; the aim of the Bronx Zoo is to reduce the inexplicability. New animals are paid for by the New York Zoological Society, not the city.

The Bronx Zoo now attracts 2,500,000 visitors every year. These represent its opportunity to tell the story of the animal kingdom, sympathetically, inspirationally, unforgettably—or dully. Its present management acutely feels the double responsibility — to teach the people, and to save the other species: two interlocked objectives.

THE renaissance of the zoo, not a moment too soon, is not confined to the New York Zoological Society. In both Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles, citizens' committees are agitating for better zoos. Los Angeles' Mayor Poulson said, "We are still working toward a world-famous zoo. We haven't lowered our sights." In the same area an amateur, Maurice Machris, is trying to set up a conservation research ranch of about 400 acres to breed rare animals. He has already bought fifty species, mostly still in quarantine, and hopes for the incredible total of 900 species. He too has discovered that some important species are down to one or two hundred individuals. He is especially interested in the little-known kouprey of Cambodia, which may possibly be a true wild ox.

The spirit of such enterprises is admirable. One measure of the decency of a society must be whether its members care, or even affect to care, about the welfare of other species of no immediate benefit to them. It is not really an insult to mankind to admire a hummingbird, an albatross or a lion.

It may be noted that the zoos of Communist Russia are grim, old-fashioned jails. That of Communist East Berlin, however, is excellent, comparable to the fine zoos of Basle and Frankfurt. Such data are surely useful in cultural studies of these countries.

In America, the reporting on zoos by the press is invariably more or less "cute," and does not seem to me truthful. The theory may be that the press is addressed only to mammals that can read, and cannot resist giving its readers the assurance that, compared to themselves, okapi and whooping cranes are idiots. The press reaches for the winning side, the procreatively successful animal that can read and has the price of the paper.

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY . . *by Hans Engh*

THE CRIES of the "pseudo-conservative revolt," a movement that Richard Hofstadter, eminent Columbia University historian, believed had passed its peak of influence in 1955, once again are heard across the land.

Ostensibly dedicated to fighting communism, the central organization behind this "save-America-before-it's-too late" drive is the semi-secret John Birch Society, whose self-appointed leader, Robert Welch, once labeled former President Eisenhower "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

HANS ENGH, staff writer for the Santa Barbara News-Press, *wrote a series on the John Birch Society for his newspaper.*

The society was formed in December, 1958, with Welch, a retired candy manufacturer from Belmont, Mass., standing before eleven Americans gathered at his invitation in Indianapolis, Ind., informing them that they were taking part in the beginning of a movement of historical importance.

Welch, who spoke to his guests for two days, told them that his society — named after an American Army captain and missionary killed in China shortly after VJ-Day—would function almost entirely through small local chapters, each consisting of "ten to twenty dedicated patriots," and that it would promote "less government, more responsibility and a better world."

Since then the society, with a minimum annual membership fee of $24 for men and $12 for women(!), has gained a foothold in many parts of the country. Aiming at a membership of 1,000,000 and a budget of $1,000,000, it appears to be particularly strong on the West Coast.

California, long a hothouse for extremist movements of all colors and varieties, probably has more members than any other state. Santa Barbara, for example, a city of some 60,000 residents one hundred miles north of Los Angeles, is a society bastion. It has a "Speakers' Forum," a Birch library, a news bulletin and a columnist who peddles the society's line in the weekly newspaper of a neighboring community.

The Santa Barbara *News-Press* recently ran a series of articles on

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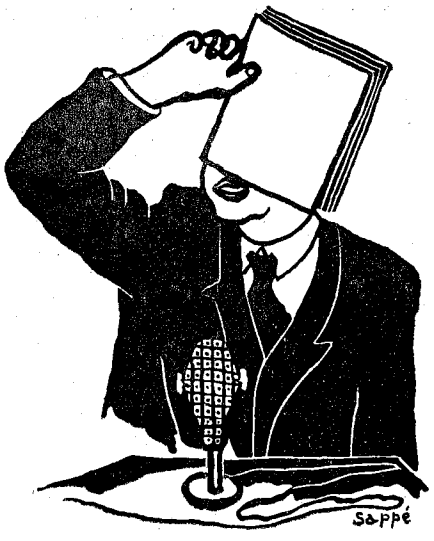
the society. It resulted in a barrage of letters to the editor, a vast majority of them praising the paper for bringing the matter into the open. Leading newspapers elsewhere in the country also have featured articles about the society in recent months, among them the Boston *Herald*, the Chicago *Daily News* and the Milwaukee *Journal*. As a result of this publicity, thousands of persons who believe in the honored traditions of free speech and fair play, including many conservative Republicans, have expressed deep concern over the society's chosen method of operation.



THE Birch Society chapters, whose members, among other things, are urged to join the PTAs, meet monthly in private homes as study groups. They hear tape recordings, view motion pictures, talk about aspects of the "Communist conspiracy," listen to book reviews, discuss tactics—including letter writing and other public-opinion campaigns—and in general, so they believe, make themselves better equipped to meet what they term the challenge of communism.

Dr. Granville Knight of Santa Barbara, a member of the society's twenty-eight-man national council, said that persons may attend these meetings by invitation only. "The society has not sought publicity," he said, "and the names of the members have not been made public to protect those who do not wish to be disturbed by nuisance tactics." In other words, the society is organized by cells, and only the cell leader knows the names of the members of other cells.

The statement that Welch considers Eisenhower a Communist is contained in a 302-page book called *The Politician*. Originally written as a letter in 1954 and expanded from time to time, the manuscript was apparently intended to remain a confidential document outlining Welch's opinions regarding the progress of communism, particularly in the United States. It was reproduced by offset in 1958 and distributed to the top leaders of the newly organized society.

No doubt realizing that he had gone a bit too far in *The Politician*, Welch made every effort to get the book out of circulation as quickly as possible. In the book Welch, in addition to calling Eisenhower a Red, also describes former Presidents Roosevelt and Truman as tools of international communism. The same label is attached to the names of the Dulles brothers, Neil McElroy and other high government officials of the Eisenhower administration, including Chief Justice Earl Warren. In fact, the society at present is organizing a movement to impeach Warren. This was met with a forcefully critical editorial the other day in the normally conservative Los Angeles *Times*.

IN THE society's *Bulletin* for September of last year — a monthly publication distributed to members giving them the "agenda for the month" — Welch urged that his followers join the PTAs:

> Join your local PTA at the beginning of the school year, get your conservative friends to do likewise, and go to work to take it over. You will run into real battles against determined leftists who have had everything their way. But it is time we went on the offensive to make such groups the instrument of conservative purpose, with the same vigor and determination that the "liberals" have used the opposite aims. When you and your friends get the local PTA group straightened out, move up the ladder as soon as you can to exert a wider influence. And don't let the dirty tactics of the opposition get you down.

In the *Blue Book*, the society's bible, Welch wrote that "democracy is merely a deceptive phrase, a weapon of demagoguery and a perennial fraud." Outlining society activities, he urged the establishment of reading rooms, which also can serve as rental libraries. He suggested that the circulation of various appropriate publications be expanded, that members embark upon letter-writing campaigns, that they organize fronts, that they start "shocking" the American people, and that they obtain and feature the services of certain speakers.

AT the organizing meeting in Indianapolis in 1958, Welch made it clear that his society would operate under complete, authoritative control at all levels, with the cell leaders appointed by headquarters. Describing himself as a hard-boiled, dictatorial and dynamic boss, he said that the men who join the society will do so because "they believe in me and are willing to accept my leadership." He said that disloyal members would be eliminated without going through "any congress of so-called democratic processes." The national council is charged with picking a successor to Welch should a "suicide or something equally fatal be arranged for me by the Communists."

Among the prominent members of the society's national council are Dr. N. E. Adamson, Jr., a Boston surgeon; Thomas J. Anderson, editor and publisher of *Farm and Ranch*; T. Coleman Andrews, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Spruille Braden, former U.S. ambassador; Col. Laurence E. Bunker, former personal aide to Gen. Douglas MacArthur; James Simpson, Jr., former Congressman; Adolphe Menjou, the actor, and three former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers. It is significant that Welch picked himself for the leadership after having discarded both former Vice President Nixon ("a slippery and shrewd politician") and Sen. Barry Goldwater as not being up to the task.

In Southern California, society chapters currently are following Welch's instructions and are indeed

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featuring "appropriate" speakers. Donald Jackson, former Congressman and former member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, is among the speakers. He is showing the film *Operation Abolition*, the film on the student riots which accompanied the HUAC's hearings in San Francisco last May. William Buckley, editor of the *National Review*, drew a full house at Santa Barbara High School recently. Welch may not quite possess the intellectual stature to suit Buckley, but the latter does term the John Birch Society a splendid organization.

ALSO traveling the speech circuit is Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade Rally, one of whose speakers is Matt Cvetic, who worked as a Communist for the FBI and has since appeared frequently as an informer before the HUAC. Cvetic flatly terms the Fund for the Republic a promoter of communism under the name of academic freedom. According to him, Steve Allen, Dr. Linus Pauling, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and a good many others are advocating the Communist line, and Cyrus Eaton is a "stupid, greedy, capitalistic pig." He says: "Join the John Birch Society to learn about Communism."

Hargis himself, shouting at the top of his lungs and shaking his fist, takes out after the nation's Protestant ministers, charging that Red agents are posing as clergymen. As for the U.N., "Let's kick that nest of spies and saboteurs into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean," he tells his audience.

Not only governmental leaders come under Welch's fire. Of the press, he says that "a well-intentioned management has no conception of how far the termites have crept into the solid-looking framework of their news gathering and news writing." Of the clergy, he says that "one-third of the ministers are not true believers in the Divine name or the Divine history and the Divine teachings to which they give lip service as they go through their motions on Sunday morning." He claims that some of them are using their pulpits to preach outright communism to their congregations.

WELCH'S inability to document his various allegations is nowhere more apparent than in his magazine *American Opinion,* which he publishes eleven times a year. On occasion, the magazine is devoted in its entirety to "surveys" of Communist infiltration in 107 countries of the world. For each country, Welch, blandly and without substantiation, gives a percentage score on degree of Red infiltration. Experts wonder where he gets his figures.

On the local level, society members busy themselves in a variety of ways. They undertake extensive letter-writing and telephoning campaigns, sponsor radio and TV programs, and put pressure on legislators, educators and other persons of influence at every opportunity.

Who is the typical John Birch Society member? Hofstadter said of his pseudo-conservative radicals that they could not be identified by class. This also is true of the Birch members. Many of them are poorly educated members of the middle classes, but some wealthy persons also are involved.

In certain communities the Birchians have been able to whip up a good deal of unrest and suspicion. Persons are labeled Communist at the drop of a hat, and semi-secret meetings create an aura of fear and hate. Fortunately, even in these communities there are still enough reasonable people around who bring a measure of balance to the situation. It may be that the Birch group will live a hectic but short life. Together with other "know nothing" organizations scattered through the country, it represents a basic, continuing phenomenon in American society: that regressive force which, under one guise or another, seems to pop up whenever the country as a whole seems destined to move into a more progressive era.

Is Labor Turning Protectionist? . . *by Joseph A. Loftus*

IS AMERICAN LABOR going protectionist?

American manufacturing, long the architect and advocate of the high tariff wall, climbed down from that protective device more than a score of years ago. Under the reciprocal-trade system, which dates from early New Deal days, the United States has become a low-to-moderate tariff country in which the manufacturing community, on the whole, has learned to live well. What a piece of irony it would be if organized labor in America should now raise the banner of Hawley-Smoot!

Surface symptoms of labor discontent with tariff conditions have taken forms like these:

¶The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, whose leadership has long cherished the reciprocal-trade philosophy, has decided to slam the workroom door on all suitings coming from Japan after May.

¶In Chicago, a big local of the Electrical Workers notified eighty-three employers that, effective May 1, its members would refuse to handle electronics parts imported from Japan and other low-wage countries.

¶The International Ladies' Garment Workers last year struck a Roanoke, Va., plant of a company that had just opened a factory in Ireland. The union exacted an agreement that the company will set aside part of its Irish profits to compensate workers for any wage loss at the Virginia plant after two years of international operation.

¶A protectionist group which met

JOSEPH A. LOFTUS, the first Louis Stark Fellow under the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard, is on leave from the Washington bureau of The New York Times.

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in Washington on January 25 attracted a larger than usual number of union representatives.

Labor leaders are feeling the pressure of jobless union members in many fields, ranging from cream of tartar to automobiles. Some leaders sense threats to their wage-bargaining positions; employers repeatedly remind them of the difficulty of competing with low-wage foreign labor.

WHATEVER the causes, unemployment in the United States is far too high by any standards, and labor's resentment is sharpened by evidence of goods made by foreign sweatshop labor, by reports of dollars leaving the United States for investment abroad, and by dispatches telling of labor shortages in Japan and Western Europe. Given these facts, it is easy enough for the protectionist to lay all the blame for unemployment on imports and the reciprocal-trade policy, and to overlook the effects of our own business cycle and the shortcomings of our domestic economy. But blaming imports for our woes, and then proposing high tariffs or other restrictions on imports as the solution, not only oversimplifies the circumstances and the cure, but probably misrepresents them. There is more to foreign exchange than the simple exchange of merchandise.

As far as merchandise is concerned, the big picture is that we are the world's greatest exporter ($19.5 billion last year). For three-quarters of a century we have had a net surplus of exports over imports. This is still true, even though our surplus of sales over purchases ($4.6 billion last year) is not as great as it used to be and our share of the total world trade has dwindled. One would think from hearing some of the squawks that we are exporting employment and nothing else. The Department of Labor has estimated that in 1956 about 4.5 million U.S. workers owed their jobs either to making goods for export or to processing, transporting or distributing imports. To say that Japan and Western Europe are booming simply because they are selling stuff to us tells only a piece of the story. Another piece is that these countries, because they are booming, are buying heavily from us.

Admittedly, the picture as drawn gives small comfort to a man thrown out of work by a Japanese transistor or a Hong Kong shirt. A union leader, in spite of his reservoir of international good will, cannot stand by indefinitely and watch his union ground to pieces by the products of low-wage foreign labor.

Promoting the national interest—the big picture—without causing serious injury to particular industries is not a new problem. It is the function of government to grapple with it. The law provides, through the so-called escape clause, the restoration of a former higher tariff when an import causes, or threatens to cause,

serious injury to a domestic market. The remarkable fact is that this escape hatch has been rarely invoked by people who claim to be hurt.

Charles P. Taft, general counsel of the Committee for a National Trade Policy, pointed out to the Senate Select Committee on Small Business last June:

> In spite of the wide publicity given to complaints of unemployment and injury caused to American industry by increased imports, it is remarkable that so few cases have been lodged before the Tariff Commission in recent years [eight in 1960] and, moreover, that so few of those which have been lodged have been sustained by the commission [one in 1960].
>
> This would suggest that import competition is commonly used as a scapegoat by industries which are forced to undergo adjustments caused primarily by other factors.
>
> It is undoubtedly true that thousands of enterprises and hundreds of thousands of workers shift their occupations yearly in the United States as a result entirely of changes in the domestic competitive situation. On the basis of the evidence adduced by the Tariff Commission, the shifts in employment and in productive facilities induced by import competition are a fraction of those caused by other factors.

Al Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, also thinks that the import bugaboo has been overstressed. "While we are facing competition from foreign producers, the situation is not so desperate as some people would have us believe," he wrote in the fall (1960) issue of the Industrial Union Department (AFL-CIO) *Digest*.

WHO in organized labor is demanding basic changes in our reciprocal-trade policy? Certainly not the AFL-CIO itself. In the old A.F. of L., the tariff was never a big issue, one way or the other, although it always contained a knot of unions which believed that the tariff, or import quotas, should be used to protect the high wages in their industries. The late Matthew Woll was the protectionists' spokesman in A.F. of L. councils for years, but he never wielded enough influence to push the organization as a whole into a protectionist position.

In recent years, most A.F. of L. leaders have tended toward a reciprocal-trade philosophy, the more so since the merger with the C.I.O. The protectionist minority has rallied around an organization, outside the merged labor federation, that is now known as the Nation-wide Committee on Import-Export Policy. The hard-core union group in the committee comes from such industries as glass, ceramics, leather, meats, seafaring, photo-engraving (Woll's old union), and plastics. Some agriculture groups are also associated with the organization.

The committee's chairman and spokesman is O. R. Strackbein, whose perspective seems to be limited largely by the wage differential—high wages here versus low wages abroad. A measure of his attitude toward those who disagree may be found in his statement that "apparently it is necessary to gain a Ph.D. degree in economics or to be an importer or a heavy exporter to

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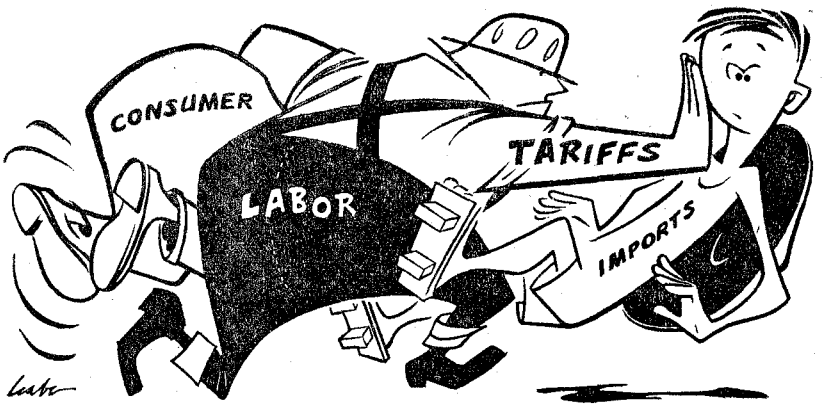
become blind to the obvious." Mr. Strackbein insists that he wants only "reasonable protective measures." The inevitable alternative, he further insists, is "abandonment of the high-wage, high-productivity system."

THE WAGE differential emphasized by Mr. Strackbein cannot be denied (although it is sometimes exaggerated, inasmuch as foreign workers get a much higher proportion of fringe benefits than do workers here). But Mr. Strackbein blandly ignores the fact that his "cure," i.e., a tariff wall, would inevitably result in a retaliatory wall against American goods.

Mr. Strackbein, of course, is a special pleader. Now in this country, where protection of minority rights is built into our political institutions, there is nothing wrong with special pleading. The only time it becomes repugnant is when it is draped in the flag of national interest.

Mr. Strackbein reported that his January 25 meeting in Washington drew, besides the union nucleus on his committee, representatives of seventeen unions. Some came only as observers. The newcomers included the Electrical Workers (IBEW), Carpenters, Pulp and Paper Mill Workers, United Shoe Workers, Rubber Workers, Aluminum Workers, Woodworkers, Boilermakers, Molders, Brick and Clay Workers, and the Machinists. Eleven of the seventeen, Mr. Strackbein reported, endorsed a bill that would restrict imports through imposition of quotas. It was not clear whether the internationals were represented in all cases, or only locals. Nor were the eleven endorsers identified.

The absentee list would provide a better picture of what the mainstream of labor is thinking today. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which is hurting from the importation of 2 million dozen shirts a year from Japan and Hong Kong, and fears further inundation, sent no one to the Export-Import Policy meeting. "Philosophically we are still reciprocal traders," an Amalgamated source said. "We are still anxious to find a solution within that framework. There is a real danger, though,



that if we don't find a solution you may find us yowling with the rest."

Walter P. Reuther, who is clearly disturbed by compact car imports and unemployment in the automobile industry, sent no one to the meeting. Reuther, who has lately been described in scuttlebutt as a developing tariff advocate, has been quite clear in saying that that would be the last rampart and he hoped not to be driven back upon it. Merely raising tariff walls would not change the situation very much, he told a meeting of European labor leaders, because if a 10 per cent penalty were imposed, for example, on imported transistor sets, wages in the exporting country would be cut 10 per cent. "Nobody can win a negative contest, based on who can depress wages the most," Reuther said.

The Textile Workers Union was not represented at the Strackbein meeting, nor were the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Hat, Cap, and Millinery Workers, or the International Union of Electrical Workers, to name a few that are feeling the pain of imports.

THE IMPLICATIONS of the absentee list are fairly obvious. The absent unions are not prepared to plump—not at this time, at least—for changes in the reciprocal-trade law to solve their problems. They represent a far more influential force in AFL-CIO councils than the unions endorsing the import-restriction bill. And anyone who lobbies in the name of labor on Capitol Hill without the approbation of the AFL-CIO is simply hollering down a rain barrel. The labor federation, bumbling as it is when it tries to stop labor-control legislation, does possess, nevertheless, an effective veto power on Capitol Hill whenever a minority labor group goes hunting for special legislative favors. The Reuthers, the Careys, the Dubinskys, Bill Pollock, Alex Rose, and even Jack Potofsky, are hardly disposed at this time to fight President Kennedy's export-import policy. One may reasonably conclude that for this year at least the union drive for protectionism will be limited to an ineffective minority.

SUCH labor-leader resistance as Mr. Kennedy may encounter is more likely to develop out of his wage-holding approach to the export problem. A few labor leaders cannot commit themselves to forego wage demands while the rest of them do not. One difficulty with stopping the annual wage round on short notice is that certain industries, like steel, already have contracted for wage increases this year and next.

The trade-minded unions are, however, hard at work on their problem. They are aware that imports are not the only generator of unemployment; and, like any competent diagnostician, they know that treating symptoms, instead of going to causes, can promote dangerous consequences.

Reuther's message to the 1960 meeting of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions contained this passage:

> Pressure is building up in America which will lead to economic isolationism and be a blow to the free world. If we don't solve this problem, it will not be possible to tell the American worker much longer, "you can't protect yourself." Economic isolationism may become necessary as a matter of survival and that would fragment-

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ize the free world's economy, and the free world can't survive that way.

The first step for foreign industry, particularly in Japan, said Reuther, is "to meet its basic social obligation to its workers," namely to raise wages and reduce the disparity between foreign and American wage levels. "We know that as a practical matter we can't equalize wages in all areas of the world, but we can minimize the differentials so that we can live with them."

Victor G. Reuther, Walter's brother, followed through on this and related points at a Paris meeting late last fall of automobile workers' unions from fifteen countries. There it was asserted that auto workers "have been openly threatened [by the big manufacturers] that their jobs will be moved to other countries unless they give up the struggle to improve their living standards." Promotion of international fair labor standards, meaning the establishment of "fair wages consistent with the economic development of each country involved," was the AFL-CIO policy line laid down at the meeting by Stanley Ruttenberg, the federation's research chief. It is expected that this plank will be pressed by United States representatives in the 1961 sessions of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).

Reuther and others can be counted on to remind President Kennedy, if they have not already done so, of a pertinent paragraph in the 1960 Democratic platform:

> The new Democratic Administration will seek international agreements to assure fair competition and fair labor standards to protect our own workers and to improve the lot of workers elsewhere.

Mr. Kennedy has some additional ideas of his own. He has indicated interest in a report of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce urging "adjustment assistance"—long-term, low-interest loans for modernization programs, for example—to domestic industries that can prove they are suffering from import competition and not simply from inefficiency.

President Potofsky of the Amalgamated goes along with the international fair labor standards approach for the longer run, but insists on crash action now to deal with the Japanese-Hong Kong threat of further market disruption in the men's apparel industry. If the Amalgamated leaders, and the Chicago local of the Electrical Workers, are determined to go through with their boycott threats (and are not merely making propaganda), they may find themselves quickly blocked by the courts. A boycott is a boycott, say the legal eagles, whether the secondary employer is in Japan or America. It is also a nice question whether a union and an employer, by agreeing to exclude imports, may make private policy that modifies national policy.

AMERICAN unionists, scrounging for ideas to beat unemployment in general and foreign competition in particular, appear to have missed one big bet. That is in the area of tax policy. The profits of American subsidiaries (not branches), established abroad, are not taxed by the United States unless the profits are brought back here. Some economists —Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard, for example—would tax the profits of American subsidiaries whether they are brought in or not. "We shouldn't have a tax policy that stimulates the movement of capital abroad," he said.

The tax approach is a reminder—if one is needed—that the deficit in our international dollar account can be traced to factors other than an export-import problem. As noted, our exports exceed our imports now. While it is true, as President Kennedy told Congress, that a still bigger surplus of exports would tend to wipe out the dollar deficit caused by non-merchandise factors, this would not necessarily preclude a frontal attack on the flow of investment money from the United States to foreign countries. This seems like a natural vineyard for the work of labor leaders and their economists.

"Blood, sweat and tears, anyone?"

American investments abroad, to a large extent, are sensible and desirable from everybody's viewpoint. Some companies, as a matter of sound business policy, established manufacturing subsidiaries abroad because the developing European Common Market threatened them with the loss of part of their export market. The natural move was to get on the inside.

It is another matter, however, if we are exporting American money, techniques and management, and bringing the products over for sale here; or if the profits are staying abroad.

The value of direct U.S. foreign investments shot up from $11 billion in 1950 to nearly $30 billion in 1959. Slightly less than a third of this is invested in manufacturing; more than a third is in petroleum. Of the total, $5.3 billion is in Europe, of which $2.93 billion is in manufacturing; the Middle East investment is $1.2 billion, nearly all in petroleum; in Canada, the sum is $10.17 billion, of which $4.5 billion is in manufacturing and $1 billion in mining. The Commerce Department reported that in 1959 the undistributed earnings of these direct investments abroad were in excess of $1 billion.

All these investments, of course, are quite apart from money sent abroad to take advantage of higher interest rates.

There is obviously a great deal more to the international dollar deficit than imports. The bulk of the labor political strength in this country is not disposed now to wall out the imports, but it is looking for the other angles, and tax policy may be one of them.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes on the Underworld

Paul Goodman

WRITING UP unprecedented themes and scenes has been the history of literature, developing along with new techniques, styles and author-attitudes. Yet a special problem is raised by our present tendency to write up, as if in one feverish cooperative effort, everything that is underground and hitherto unmentionable; we apparently seek to break down in principle any barrier between underworld and public world, and between what is kept silent and what is literature. Why do we publicize the underworld, why don't we let it remain under? As with every other spontaneous act in our unsatisfactory era, this effort commences either as a reaction of despair or as a generous gesture of reform; but with astonishing rapidity it is corrupted to the style and effect of the global Thing it means to attack. Because the writers are themselves inwardly betrayed, their frankness rapidly becomes lewd and their impulse to direct action turns into punk fascism.

To get our bearings, let us recall that in other times the underworld was kept under not necessarily because it was base or shameful. For instance, the ancient Mysteries seem to have been the important community religion of the Greek folk, far more than was the vastly written up cult of Olympus. Yet they were by no means for publication, so we have few texts from which to learn much about them. And from antiquity through the middle ages, even in so verbal a subject as philosophy, the highest tradition of certain sects was passed on secretly from the master only to the disciple who had the right character. In classical realistic writing in general, as Auerbach has pointed out (though he gives a wrong explanation), the sharp objective figure in the foreground stands out against an empty background not reported. This is not necessarily because the background is unknown to the author, but because, especially in certain supreme actions, public speech and reporting are irrelevant and blasphemous. In the Chinese tradition, Laotse and Confucius, disagreeing on everything else, agree on this: "We do not speak about the divine."

In most societies there has been reticence also about much of the middle part of life, for instance happy sex or happy married life, although romantic love, sexual failure, and marital misery have been literary topics par excellence. This reticence has been maintained not necessarily because sex is considered private or because the societies have been anti-sexual. No such conceptions exist in antiquity, not to speak of many more primitive societies. But what is there to *write?* It is the kind of thing that you *do.* Romantic sexuality is written up just because it touches on what you can't do, it is a kind of completing of unfinished situations. (Insofar as sex is an art, however, there is a place for speech and writing, even for how-to-do-it manuals. But unfortunately, just where instinct is most distorted there is the strongest drive for "proving" and impersonal technique rather than culture and art, and I suppose that written manuals cater to this drive.)

At the bottom end of the spectrum, finally, throughout most of history illegal low life has, prudently, not courted publicity. It would have been considered not a point of prestige, as with us, but of simple idiocy, for the secrets of a thieves' or addicts' gang to be exposed and written up. The blabber got the lumps. The exceptions are remarkable and force us to speculate. There is evidence that Villon wrote his jargon poems for the *coquillards* (the gang) themselves, yet they are published poetry courtly in form and merge harmoniously with his lamentations of low-life in proper French and with his "standard" subjects. In his own life, we know, he bestrode the two worlds; the fact that he also did so in writing makes us think of the breakdown of medieval culture, the general upsurge of the vernaculars, the disasters of the Hundred Years War. Villon is an interesting contrast to our Genet, an artist of equivalent stature. Villon surveys the scene of his low life from the point of view of universal humanity; Genet can find animation, he tells us, only in his low life, and he struggles to find in it some universal humanity. Another obvious example is Defoe, in the seamy age of Walpole; here we seem to get something more like "modern" reportage.

So we return to our own disposition to write up the unutterable, the unmentionable, and the underworld. I want to explore three different general motives, so I won't mention any names (for every writer must be fairly treated as an individual).

FIRST, of course, this underground reporting is simply part of our wretched universal reporting and spectatoritis. On the one hand, it is technological. "Objective" reporting of "scientific" data makes no distinction of what it surveys, no more than a camera shies away. In the past history of literature and painting, a new scene, like a new technique, was painfully won to meet a new expressive need; but mechanical reporting eats up every scene omnivorously, and the great presses print off anything that has the format of objective reporting. The same occurs with the "scientific method" of so-called sociology; any kind of problem is given the works, and the result has no relevance to solving the problem.

On the other hand, we verbalize a lot, since active life does not come off; it is an easy way of being on the scene without being engaged—just as the sociologists can sharpen their tools and work an "area" without doing any agriculture. In this respect, *Contact* or *Kulchur* or *Big Table,* with their criminal, underground, or Beat issues, are no better than *Life* and *Look.* We substitute journalism for philosophy, poetry and politics. We regard our existence as though it were already history or nothing better than fiction; and since the essence of existence, its presentness and challenge, is omitted, we get inaccurate history and weak fiction. Thus far too much gets written and yet the proper function of letters is neglected or swamped. As part of the popular culture, the scenes of the underworld are like the rest of the chewing gum.

A second motive for the publication of the underworld is more promising, but disappointing in the performance. It is that, since the legitimate world has become lifeless and contemptible, we explore in the illegitimate for vitality. We seem to propose, by affirmation and publication, to make *this* the public world or at least an acceptable part of the public world. The need is

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pretty pathetic, but beggars aren't choosers. It is no news that, just to live on a little, many of us have to be illegal. (For instance, I have experienced at a lawyer's that very few of my friends could appear in court as character-witnesses; though they are fine folk, they could not survive even a superficial cross-examination; certainly I could not.) Thus it is probably a wise course to counterattack ideologically and get everybody used to the dirty words and the illegal scenes.

We must distinguish two contrasting aspects of our illegitimacy. Given our idiotic system of morals and property, it is impossible to live without sinning and trespassing, and in the tight organization of modern society, any spontaneous gesture is a threatening nonconformity. Then to be illegitimate is simply the continuing defiant affirmation of free love, anarchism, progressive education, and productive work like arts and crafts that belonged to the bucolic age of Greenwich Village. Our difference is that we have come a further step from Bohemianism in "honest poverty." It is harder to be decently poor; urbanism and technology are still further out of human scale; civil liberties are harder to defend. The result is that, especially among the unseasoned, a larger number resign from the fight altogether and become beat.

But also, given the inhuman pressures and temptations of commercialism, regimentation and community fragmentation, there are inevitably criminality, flight to the margin, and various personality disturbances that are not properly efforts for natural satisfaction in difficult circumstances, but are hostile reaction-formations: such are the spite, conceit, fantasies of power, and the throwing of tantrums that are the usual tone of hipster letters. The kind of reactive vitality that used to characterize delinquent hoodlums now spreads to middle-class, middle-aged gentlemen who can write books; and naturally it rings bells on Madison Avenue, where there is the same resentment of earnest effort.

Rebellious humanism and reactive hipsterism are by nature incompatible. The positive satisfaction of life—or even the striving for it, being frustrated and becoming angry—pays off in a real world of real contacts; there is no need to win "proving" victories, to be one-up in every encounter; conceit becomes boring and violent solutions are rarely constructive. Nevertheless, as the case is *socially,* these two aspects of illegitimacy are lumped together and damned together, and often have to live together. It becomes necessary to vindicate them together. We who simply want community, productive culture, justice and pleasure understand that, as Kropotkin said, "So long as one person is in prison, I am not free." Besides, some of us—and that's *our* problem—suffer from a thankless compassion that supports the conceited, wasteful and violent because they are like sick children.

UNHAPPILY, in the peculiar market of publication, bad writing drives out good. Rebel humanism has an unpopular style; it seems never to pose the "problems" that everybody is talking about—how could it, since the problems are falsely posed? Muckraking, a proper function of humane letters, e.g. disclosure of police brutality, has a miserable way of becoming sado-masochistic, just as "pacifist" films, on the whole, exacerbate violence. The mass public takes to its heart just that aspect of the illegitimate which is reactive to its own official ideology and mores and which, of course, shares the same psychology of power, sensation and success. The seamy scene of hip literature is an attractive fore-pleasure, and the acting out of every office clerk's conceit and castration complex provides a relevant thrill. This reportage serves the same function for the philosophy of the mass audience as the bathos of Tennessee Williams does for its sexuality. The poet caters to the tender pornographic side, combining lust with punishment; and the hipster prose writer caters to the conceited power side, combining know-how with putting down. This is utterly boring.

In my opinion, there is something dishonorable and exploiting, queasy-making, about hipster writing (and similarly, much of the school of Sartre). Life strategies that are brutal necessities for folk in clear and present danger, and that precisely would not be written up, are toyed with by intellectuals who evoke fantasy dangers so that they can thrill to extreme situations, and indeed thereby they create unnecessary real dangers, as if life weren't hard enough. It sounds as though they were calling

"More Light! More Light!"

Composed in the Tower before his execution
These moving verses, and being brought at that time
Painfully to the stake, submitted, declaring thus:
"I implore my God to witness that I have made no crime."

Nor was he forsaken of courage, but the death was horrible,
The sack of gunpowder failing to ignite.
His legs were blistered sticks on which the black sap
Bubbled and burst as he howled for the Kindly Light.

And that was but one, and by no means one of the worst;
Permitted at least his pitiful dignity;
And such as were by made prayers in the name of Christ,
That shall judge all men, for his soul's tranquility.

We move now to outside a German wood.
Three men are there commanded to dig a hole
In which the two Jews are ordered to lie down
And be buried alive by the third, who is a Pole.

Not light from the shrine at Weimar beyond the hill
Nor light from heaven appeared. But he did refuse.
A Lüger settled back deeply in its glove.
He was ordered to change places with the Jews.

Much casual death had drained away their souls.
The thick dirt mounted toward the quivering chin.
When only the head was exposed the order came
To dig him out again and to get back in.

No light, no light in the blue Polish eye.
When he finished a riding boot packed down the earth.
The Lüger hovered lightly in its glove.
He was shot in the belly and in three hours bled to death.

No prayers or incense rose up in those hours
Which grew to be years, and every day came mute
Thousands sifting down through the crisp air
And settled upon his eyes in a black soot.

ANTHONY HECHT

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up the underground for spite, as a psychological reaction to blocked creativity; the rhythm becomes jabbing and the tone shrill; the fantasy is for the cool to seize power, even via Jack Kennedy. But our real need is otherwise. The case is that our society is in a *chronic low-grade emergency*. To alleviate this, so that out-going life can revive, requires patience, fortitude and music, curtly rejecting anything phoney but having faith in abiding goods and powers. Instead, these writers, lacking the support of natural strength, panic and cop out.

LET ME suggest a third motive for writing up the underworld, that I think is more reasonable. (Unfortunately the writers who seem to have this motive, e.g. some of the Beats, are both so ignorant and so hopped-up that they don't know what they're after, and they sell themselves short.) By making all scenes equal, by writing one's situation as it is, whatever it is, writers might hope to get rid of "standards" altogether and indeed of "writing" altogether. This is to revive old-fashioned high nihilism, to clear the decks. In the 19th century, in a scarcity economy, the nihilism was more politically revolutionary and religiously Christian; in the "affluent society," it is quitting and being religiously Taoist and pacifist. The aim is certainly not to substitute the underground as a new power, but to form a new community from scratch.

A nihilist program is a beautifully democratic approach to literature. It seems designed for the millions of the inarticulate who say, "If I could only write, I have a story to tell!" All of the faithful are encouraged to be creative, a very different thing from making whole art works, the products of a complicated culture. One is permitted to be fragmentary; by learning the trick of spontaneous association, one can achieve exciting poetic moments; by employing the primitive rhetorical devices of repetition, incantation and crescendo, it is possible to read a page aloud as if one had made a whole poem; and of course by writing "wd" and "cd" and using the slash-mark on the typewriter, one is in the swim. Music and painting are also Everyman's.

A critic cannot help being bemused, for indeed this Beat art is a remarkable historical product. Consider how the most exquisite efforts of modern art to break free from convention and get back to the elements of expression—one could mention Mallarmé's symbolism, Rimbaud's visions, Pound's and Eliot's fragmentation and pastiche, Apollinaire's and Cummings' ideograms and typography, W. C. Williams' neo-Wordsworthianism, Viennese atonality, Webern's pointillism, Stravinski's and Varèse's percussion, Bartok's rhythm, polyrhythms from Bali and New Orleans, Picasso's abstraction and collage, Matisse's fauvism, Kandinsky's non-objectivism, Mondrian's and Albers' elementarism, Pollack's action and Kline's gesture—how all of these intensely cultivated sources have met up with the deliberately programmatic realism of Sherwood Anderson, Joyce, Lawrence, Céline and others, to give a *lingua franca* to amateur boys. They now have a means of esthetically expressing how they are. None of their art is inventive, little of it is any good, yet there is in it a valuable new contribution, its very communitarianism. And supported by the sense of a community (the very opposite of the one-upping of the hipsters), literature is cultivated as an action on the audience, to increase the community. When they have read their poems at one another, they can barge in for bed and board like Samoans.

Culturally they, and we, are not yet up to this nihilism. Those who abdicate from the economy and university of the big society become a sect rather than a universal solvent. The "scene" becomes a stereotyped subject matter, with monotonous repetition of jejune experiences and standard props, rather than a modest account of just where one happens to be thrown. The public readings become boringly drunken rituals. And to one's astonishment, the creative community spits with envy at proper writers. The situation is bitterly ironical: on the one hand, we who are cultivated artists and realize how little that's worth (though let me speak no ill of the Creator Spirit) would gladly see our culture relapse into the human community; yet every youth feels thwarted by his writer's block and spiteful because he doesn't know anything.

To sum up: the isolated beatnik publicizes his scene as the only world; the impotent hipster calls up the underground to put down everybody else; and the technological popular culture makes an amalgam of underworld and public world as appetizing as chewing-gum. Yet I don't think it is at present possible to return to a classical silence. Our literary task must be to get rid of the distinctions altogether and recognize only the human beings as existing.

Dyspeptic Pilgrim

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co. 296 pp. $3.95.

Faubion Bowers

ARTHUR KOESTLER is a writer of considerable fame, and the normal felicity of his typewriter makes him, happily or unhappily, readable at a wide level. *The Lotus and the Robot*, coming after volumes of autobiography and novels and a play, is, I believe, his first travelogue. In 1958-59, Mr. Koestler voyaged through India and Japan, and this book is the distilled and distorted essence of what must have been a most painful journey for him and, I have no doubt, an agonizing interruption for the Indians and Japanese he encountered along the way. Mr. Koestler may indeed be, as he says, "born in Hungary, educated in Austria, the formative years spent in France, British by naturalization," but anyone of experience will know after reading *The Lotus and the Robot* that in Mr. Koestler he has well and truly met what has come to be known as the Ugly American.

In his preface, Mr. Koestler states that he embarked "in the mood of the pilgrim . . . I wondered whether the East had any answers to offer to our perplexities and dead-locked problems." With this invitation, the reader zips through the fluid prose and random facts to the epilogue. I think I will not spoil the saga for Mr. Koestler's fans if I quote right off the last paragraph's punch lines—the summary of a year's journalistic labor:

> I started my journey in sackcloth and ashes and came back rather proud of being a European. It may be a somewhat parochial pride, but it is not smug, for . . . with some experience of prisons and concentration camps, one can not help being aware of Europe's past sins and present deadly peril. And yet a detached comparison with other continents . . . leaves one with a new confidence and affection for that small figure riding on the back of the Asian bull.

Or, to quote from an earlier passage

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in the epilogue, ". . . I came back impoverished rather than enriched." Mr. Koestler has over the years looked to many countries for answers to his problems—first, Russia, now India and Japan—and his fate seems to be perpetual and incessant disillusionment. In his latest book he impoverishes his reader much as he himself was impoverished by his sad, tortured peregrination.

IN THESE days of powerfully positive thinking it is rare to read a book that is so devastatingly negative. Mr. Koestler felt distaste for everything and everybody. Disciples pick their noses and saints play with their toes and giggle, thereby depriving Mr. Koestler of religious experience. Bowel exercises in Yoga spoil for him that science and practice. Gandhi is described as singing "the beauties of the bowel functions as one of the divine wonders." We are even told that Gandhi always "travelled in a third-class carriage but did not object to having air-conditioning installed, and the carriage to himself." And he resurrects and lovingly documents some evidence that Gandhi shared his bed with young girls "to prove to himself that he was immune against the temptations of carnal lust." Nehru is consigned to the "Pink Decade" of "fashionable British left-wing socialism," and India is summed up as a "pseudo-democracy in a political vacuum." Even innocent bystanders, such as Dr. Raghavan, the Sanskrit scholar, are snidely sidewiped—in that case, for wearing a loin-cloth (formal dress for a Madrassi), "naked down to the navel" and "reclining on the leather upholstery of a limousine." Amid many other things, Mr. Koestler is driven wild by the noise of Asia: In India, "the noisy profanity of the temples"; in Japan, transistor radios are a "major curse."

Mr. Koestler's antipathies seem boundless. At times in Japan his "mounting exasperation occasionally verg[ed] on hatred." He found the Japanese "unseeing, using their cameras for eyes," and "lacking the mental equipment for competitive society." Their language is "semantic ambiguity increased by deliberate evasiveness." The story of the forty-seven *ronin* (the Kabuki *Chushingura* which moved audiences to tears in New York last year) is to him "a tale of sheer dementedness." Zen is at once "hocus-pocus" and "moral nerve-gas," and Mr. Koestler suggests that it may be "a hoax of truly heroic dimensions." Nor is Mr. Koestler without cheek when writing of smaller matters. One time when a Japanese tells him that the Japanese in general find their way about Tokyo despite its being a city without street names, Mr. Koestler categorically asserts to us, "The truth is, they do not."

The bulk, by and large, of Mr. Koestler's detestation-ridden *The Lotus and the Robot* is divided between India's mysticism, particularly Hatha Yoga, and Japan's Zen Buddhism. To look to these minor, if not obscure, areas of civilization, practiced by very few people indeed, for solutions (which they do not claim to have) of world problems (which are not their area of concern) is in itself baffling. But Mr. Koestler, in the nervous vein of a confidential exposé, ferrets out as much sensationalism as he can. First defining Hatha Yoga as "a discipline with its main emphasis on physiological techniques," he proceeds with almost pathological fascination to explore its most improbable and lurid arcana: the swallowing of yards of surgical gauze, sucking up water through the rectum, aspiration through the urethra and the control of semen. Mr. Koestler is sickened and so is the reader. Meanwhile, he visits four contemporary Indian saints and, needless to add, finds them all wanting.

Zen comes off little better. He quotes endlessly its "solemn absurdities." Question: "What is Zen?" Answer: "Zen." He attacks its "no-mind," "no-thought," "no-striving," its "suchness" and "ahness of things." Attaching to Zen an influence and power far beyond any actual fact in Japanese society, Mr. Koestler draws a series of conclusions that leave flower-arranging, *haiku* poetry, tree-dwarfing, psychiatry (Japanese-style) and the Japanese character as a whole, prostrate. So sour did Mr. Koestler become in the course of his bloated research that he bought an antique bronze Buddha and "realized with a shock that the Buddha smile had gone dead on me. It was no longer mysterious, but empty."

MR. KOESTLER throughout seems at great pains to debunk. He dismisses levitation among yogis, one of their celebrated, putative powers, because "the witness always dates his or her experience 'when I was a small child.'" He solves the claims of "walking or floating on water" as "a trivial matter for anybody who can swim" and "a miracle to non-swimmers only." (Most Indians can't swim, according to Mr. Koestler.) And as for suspended animation or being buried underground for long periods of time, Mr. Koestler triumphantly cites a Dane who, fearing heart disease, was able to slow down his heartbeats and stop them altogether—a better feat than those of the yogis.

Mr. Koestler is certainly entitled to his opinions, and no one can deny him the right to his repugnances. I even have little quarrel with anyone who perpetrates his own neuroses on unsuspecting readers. But I do have reservations about accepting Mr. Koestler as a guide to India and Japan. I do not enjoy being taken to art exhibitions by the color blind, nor do I elect to attend concerts with the deaf. How-

The Distant Footsteps

(From the Spanish of Cesar Vallejo)

My father is sleeping. His noble face
suggests a mild heart;
he is so sweet now . . .
if anything bitter is in him, it is myself.

There is loneliness in the parlor; he is muttering;
and there is no news of the children today.
My father wakes, he listens
for the flight into Egypt, the bandaged goodbye.
Now he is so near;
if anything distant is in him, it is myself.

And my mother walks past in the orchard,
savoring a taste already without savor.
Now she is so gentle,
so much wing, so much farewell, so much love.

There is loneliness in the parlor with no sound,
no news, no greenness, no childhood.
And if something is broken this afternoon,
and if something falls over or creaks,
it is two old roads, curving and white.
Down them my heart is walking on foot.

JAMES WRIGHT and JOHN KNOEPFLE

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ever much I personally agree with part of Mr. Koestler's final conclusion that the East has nothing to teach the West spiritually or politically (non-violence was Thoreau's idea and neutralism is not an Oriental monopoly), I balk, seriously, at the propagation of misconceptions. Innocent readers, who have no knowledge of the countries discussed and no means of checking their reactions against Mr. Koestler's, will have two important and worthy countries undermined for them. In the end, what Mr. Koestler has written is a personal diatribe that reveals far more about the author than it does about the countries he visited. Both the East and the West have been done a disservice by this book.

No Easy Faith

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Noonday Press. 246 pp. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.

Richard M. Elman

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN, Isaac Bashevis Singer's latest novel to be translated from the Yiddish, makes a bold demand of the reader. One is asked to believe that Singer's ultra-worldly hero Yasha Mazur, a tireless, sexual acrobat, scamp, professional magician and religious skeptic, would interpret a series of personal catastrophes as divine intervention and that, to atone and to propitiate the Lord of Hosts, Yasha would choose the life of the religious hermit, immuring himself in a kind of dungeon behind his village home — there to suffer the pangs of his still-unsated lusts and desires and yet to be revered as a kind of saint in spite of himself.

On one level, what makes the whole thing dramatically credible is Singer's gift for animating the by-now-remote life of Polish Jewry. But to praise Singer for this gift alone would be faint praise indeed. Although the vivid, the immediate and the astonishing have become synonyms for good writing in our century, it is surely true that very few of Singer's contemporaries, including his Yiddish contemporaries, are concerned with religious experience except in its most external forms — in what one might call the social behavior of the religious person. With Singer, however, the spiritual is the central experience; and it is one of the small miracles of his story-telling that he is able to involve his readers in that subject matter without seeming irrelevant to the modern sensibility, or merely nostalgic.

That Singer does so is attested by the nearly unanimous enthusiasm that has greeted the publication of all his work in our secular, literary press. Nevertheless, even some of Singer's enthusiastic critics have been taken aback by *The Magician's* curious resolution and, in trying to understand the novel's epilogue in which Yasha plays the hermit, they have imputed to the author an ambivalent skepticism that doesn't appear in the work itself. The fact is that Singer's latest novel is unequivocally religious and moral in its point of view. Whatever ambivalence there may be exists in the minds and hearts of Singer's critics and not in the story of Yasha Mazur.

Perhaps the difficulty arises from Singer's quite literal enactment of his story. The crack-up which Yasha interprets as divine intervention comes about during an act of theft. It involves the picking of a lock, a trick at which he is adept. But now, in the throes of excess, he fails (or rather is interfered with), then panics, flees, and his punishment is doubled and then redoubled: first by

THE CALIFORNIAN

Reprinted by Popular Demand from the July 1960 Issue

After nine months and millions of words on the subject, THE CALIFORNIAN remains the only publication in the United States that has printed the complete story of the student demonstration against the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities, May 12-14, 1960. While other publications have been busily debating whether Harry Bridges was at lunch or whether communists caused the protest, THE CALIFORNIAN has named and published an interview with THE organizer — repeat: THE organizer — and the several University of California students who became subordinate organizers. All of the details of the events leading up to the demonstration, the demonstration itself, the police brutality, who ordered it, and the aftermath are given.

THE CALIFORNIAN is in an enviable position for the job. It is right here in San Francisco, where the demonstration took place. The Berkeley campus of the University of California is a short drive across the Bay. The editor of THE CALIFORNIAN is a former Associated Press award-winning newspaperman who has worked for the Hearst Corp's International News Service, The Burlington Free Press (Vermont's largest newspaper), and The Stars & Stripes. His articles have appeared in leading national magazines such as Coronet. Therefore, the "pinko" label cannot be stamped on him; the facts in the article must be answered point by point.

Those facts are now being used to refute the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Hoover Report, and the film "Operation Abolition." The article and the facts in it have been presented to J. Edgar Hoover, Congressman Francis Walter and others, and have gone unchallenged. Repeat: UNCHALLENGED.

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an injury he incurs in leaping out of the window; second, by the gruesome suicide of his devoted assistant.

Clearly, Yasha believes that he has had revealed to him the awful force of the divinity, but even then he does not succumb to an easy piety. His penitence rests as heavily on his shoulders as did his sins; he finds he cannot shake off the lust, the sensualism, the selfishness that was so much a part of his past life. As a human being, born to "believe, to doubt, or to deny," how could he? The important point to realize is that Yasha's redemption is no less real because it is an act of will rather than of grace. In one of his hitherto uncollected stories ("A Piece of Advice" which appeared this fall in the *Hadassah Newsletter*), Singer tells of another fierce-tempered Jewish patriarch and skeptic who visits a saintly Hassidic "wonder rabbi" for advice and is told that to curb his temper he should become a flatterer, a thing absolutely contradictory to the man's nature. Furthermore, the rabbi answers the question: "What should a Jew do if he is not a pious man?" by noting: "Let him play the pious man. The Almighty does not require good intentions. The deed is what counts. It is what you do that matters. Are you angry perhaps? Go ahead and be angry but speak gentle words and be friendly at the same time. . . . The Holy Name, blessed be he, knows the intention and the intention behind the intention and it is this that is the main thing."

The homily applies with equal force to the story of Yasha Mazur. For Yasha there is no easy leap of faith. His action involves choice, intention, judgment; it is indicative of a lesson learned at tremendous cost to Yasha personally. This is the stuff of literature and it is as distinct from the stuff you find in novels which merely catalogue sensations and events as it is from works of propaganda or hagiography.

RICHARD M. ELMAN is the author of A Coat for the Czar (*University of Texas Press*) *and of a new novel,* The Pippick Journals, *now in search of a publisher.*

The Classic Forms

GREEK SCULPTURE. A Critical Review. By Rhys Carpenter. University of Chicago Press. 276 pp. 47 plates. $6.95.

ANCIENT EGYPT. The New Kingdom and the Amarna Period. By Christiane Desroches Noblecourt. 15 pp. 32 plates. New York Graphic Society. $6.95.

CLASSICAL GREECE. The Elgin Marbles of the Parthenon. By Nicholas Yalouris. 15 pp. 32 plates. New York Graphic Society. $6.95.

Fairfield Porter

RHYS CARPENTER has written a history of the technique of Greek sculpture; he does not describe the personalities or lives of the sculptors. The quotations from classical authors and mention of individual artists illuminate the general trend. Mr. Carpenter is professor emeritus of classical archaeology at Bryn Mawr College, and has been director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens and professor-in-charge of the Classical School of the American Academy at Rome.

In his foreword, Professor Carpenter tells us that the Greeks "had no single term for Art, but obdurately persisted in referring to it as *techne*, which is to say 'skill of hand,' 'workmanship,' 'craft,' and even 'cunning,' but not what most men mean today when they say 'Art.'" In the first chapter he tells us that Greek sculpture appeared suddenly, out of no native background; there was no "primitive" stage; and further, "the notion of free-standing monumental sculpture is so rare as to be almost an abnormality, even though we of the Western World, after so many centuries of familiarity with its production are apt to take sculpture for granted as a universal and inevitable form of artistic activity." Where did the idea come from? Apparently from Egypt. The date of the oldest surviving examples of Greek monumental sculpture is contemporaneous with the resumption of Egyptian trade. But motivation is something else: presumably the Greek traders were enthralled by what they saw, and became possessed by the desire to imitate the Egyptian example. But what made them keep on? Egyptian statues had a definite use-value, serving as a more enduring dwelling place for the soul after death than the embalmed body of the deceased. Greek statues had neither this use, nor any other. Without any word for art, could they have had an esthetic purpose? (In this connection, Nicholas Yalouris remarks that the Greek word for statue is related to the verb that means to rejoice; therefore we may assume that the Greek purpose was celebration, which is almost the same thing as art for art's sake). We know that the Greeks took for granted the high value they placed on their sculpture. Such an unreasonable conviction of value is contagious, like the attraction exerted by a narcissistic person. Egyptian sculpture was useful, and its form hardly changed. On the other hand, in line with the uselessness of their purposes, the Greeks constantly perfected their techniques.

Carving dominated the development of Greek technique. Even life-sized bronze statues, which are nowadays reproductions of modeled clay originals, were in Greek times piece-cast from impressions made from carved wooden models. A carved statue communicates something different from a modeled one. A carver does not use his sense of touch so directly as a modeler. And though the spectator's tactile sense may be equally stimulated by carving and modeling, modeling better satisfies his sense of the way things look. Modeling is more tactile and more visual than carving, and carving is more conceptual. A carved statue may seem to express a reality that is deeper than appearances can indicate. Carving begins at a cutting edge: it starts from lines. The Greeks used lines to make their form appear solid. They did this with an unsurpassed sensitivity. Archaic statues, following Egyptian practice, were cut from the four sides of rectangular blocks, like four reliefs at right angles to each other. Polycleitos' canon of proportion originated in the grid of the archaic sculptor which guided his drill and chisel on the flat faces of the stone. But both Polycleitos and, apparently, the architects of the Parthenon, who followed numerical canons, believed that the life of a building or statue lies in its deviation from numerical and geometrical exactness.

Verisimilitude was presumably the aim of the archaic sculptors. As they approached success, the aim seemed partly to change, and the appearance of solidity became more important. As sculpture got superficially to look more like nature, it grew more abstract. To give a more vivid appearance of solidity, the Phidian artists made the wrinkles of drapery fall counter to the underlying form, instead of paralleling it in the literal manner of the sixth century. This was one of the greatest artistic inventions of Greek civilization. Form was still described in terms of line, but now it was described negatively, in ridges, instead of grooves. By the second century, sculpture had freed itself from the squareness, for which Polycleitos had been criticized. The counter-twist of the pose of the *Aphrodite of Melos* is a de-

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vice rediscovered by Michelangelo. And accompanying this lifelikeness of pose, the unfunctional drapery and impossible anatomy represent the height of abstraction attained by Greek sculpture.

In his previous book, *The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art*, Professor Carpenter shows that Greek architecture remained a two-dimensional art. Greek architects expressed depth by the precise edge between the strong Greek sunlight and the contrasting shadow. Also in architectural sculpture, depth was a function of the quality of the light. By the second century, partly influenced by modeling, sculptors tried to communicate a new kind of sense of the third dimension, but as sculpture became more pictorial, more visual, its apparent solidity softened. It remained for the Romans, who created a three-dimensional architecture, to create sculpture whose three-dimensionality does not depend on shadow. Though solidity is not the same as depth, both solidity and depth express volume. Perhaps the two most three-dimensional sculptures in Rome are the equestrian *Marcus Aurelius* and the seated maiden of the school of Phidias in the Barberini palace. The Roman statue, one of the three most significant of its kind in the world, depends to a great extent on the continuity of surface and contour that keep always alive in the motion of their changes as you circle around it. The Greek statue is linear.

However, three-dimensionality remains something that sculptors barely, if ever, attain. In this connection Professor Carpenter says of the *Laocoön* that "in a very recent study of the problem, the frontal composition of the *Laocoön* has been ascribed to the pictorial notions of sculptural form current in sixteenth-century Italy when the dismembered fragments of the group were reassembled as we now see them, but not as they were originally disposed. Here the claim is made that 'the elder son was displaced as much as ninety degrees out of his original position, and the axis of the group shifted about forty-five degrees. . . . Freed from the relief-like composition imposed on it by the sixteenth-century restorer, the group now regains an extraordinary three-dimensional character.'"

THE VOLUMES on Egyptian and Greek sculpture are the first two of a series in the Acanthus History of Sculpture, edited by Sir Herbert Read and H. D. Molesworth. They were printed in Switzerland. Each volume has 32 full-page 11½ by 14½ inch plates which reproduce the photographs of F. L. Kenett. The photographs are admirable. It is far more difficult to reproduce sculpture adequately in black and white photographs than painting, even though the color be lost. In these plates the texture of granite, marble, wood, limestone, sandstone and stucco, and the way these surfaces take the light, have been presented more sensitively than I have seen it done by American printers. And for this, not only the photographer, but especially the publisher deserves the highest praise because so often when photographs are printed, everything that the photographer has achieved is thrown away out of considerations of cost. This publisher has not cut corners, and the books are worth a great deal more than most art books at twice the price.

The editors chose for the Egyptian volume that brief and atypical period when Egyptian art had a second flowering of realism, the period of the religious revolution of Akhnaton, whose monotheism has been supposed to be the origin of the monotheism of Moses. From this time dates the justly popular bust of Nefertiti in the Berlin museum — which is shown in the frontispiece in detail, and in two other views. Egyptian realism was psychological, like modern realism. Greek realism had something both abstract and materialistic about it. The realism of Akhnaton's reign came from his attempt to make the monarchic dogma accessible to and understandable by the people. It is the art of an absolute state whose power depends on a successful manipulation of public opinion. Miss Noblecourt is Chief Curator of the National Museums of France, and UNESCO adviser at the Egyptian Center of Documentation and Archaeological Studies at Cairo. She contributes an introduction that relates the historical background of the eighteenth dynasty and explains the iconography of those reliefs portraying Akhnaton's ideas, and those illustrating the military triumphs of his generals.

The Greek volume illustrates the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon, which give what we can know of the style of Phidias. It reproduces four metopes, nineteen sections of the frieze, including a couple of details, and ten photographs of pedimental figures. There are both front and backs views of Demeter and Persephone and of Dionysius. The Elgin marbles are the largest consistent body of work from the greatest period of Greek creative energy in sculpture. Mr. Yalouris is director of the museum at Olympia and professor of antiquities in the Peloponnesus. He describes the Athenian setting in history and in place on the Acropolis, and the iconographical and esthetic coherence of Phidias' plan.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONCE AGAIN those who are not fortunate enough to be able to see the company of the *Comédie Française* (senior among the French state theatres) on its grounds are privileged to enjoy it in America—this time at New York's City Center and in other cities of the company's scheduled tour. I hope, however, that the future playhouses in which the troupe is to appear will be more intimate, better looking and acoustically superior to the City Center's frightful temple.

At this writing I have seen only the first "bill," consisting of Molière's amiable curtain raiser *Improvisation at Versailles* and the three-act farce, *Scapin's Rascally Tricks (Les Fourberies de Scapin)*. The latter play is undeniably a hit, since it has been running at the *Comédie Française* since 1680. The production we see now was first presented at the *Comédie* in 1956.

These two plays will be followed by Molière's sardonic comedy *Tartuffe*, Racine's tragedy *Britannicus* and a "crazy" bedroom farce *Le Dindon (The Dope)* by that master at the game, Georges Feydeau.

Scapin is characteristic of Molière,

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being all mask and movement with a slyly subversive quality underneath its frolic. Even in Molière's graver plays —like *Le Misanthrope*—one constantly senses the beat of an almost ballet-like rhythm—light, springy, strong. The very words seem to leap from one character to the next; even the long speeches are self-orchestrated *tours de force* for voice and body. It is easy in such a play as *Scapin*—when too furiously paced—to miss some of the folk pithiness of expression which escapes platitude or bourgeois moralizing by virtue of zest and shrewd good humor.

It is necessary to say all this, in passing, because to a playgoer unfamiliar with Molière in the original (and there is hardly any way of knowing him otherwise) *Scapin* might appear nothing but the silliest kind of burlesque. This impression is heightened in the *Comédie's* present production, which takes on an added dimension of riot through the acrobatics of Robert Hirsch's Scapin. In energy, agility, invention, speed and general virtuosity Hirsch is fabulous.

THIS represents one aspect in the art of acting and is certainly to be admired: it is clear that very few actors could emulate it. Still, there must be more to Scapin than that. For somehow, though one is dazzled, there is comparatively little joy in this Scapin. Hirsch's performance seems more a shocking demonstration of skill than of comic (or even farcical) acting. Pyrotechnics supersedes ...ning. The "marionette" has replaced ...an. The play is no longer a bub- ...ballet; it has become a circus.

...s occurred to me that the im- ...t record here might be due to ...at the company has been re- ...performance too many times ...places and that its juices ...ed up. leaving only the ...s. But I am inclined to ...e in every (comedy) ...ich play — in France ...his tendency so to ... well as his au- ... for effect that ...ally gave way ...e. There are, ...ighly expert ...particularly ...and René ...pas, but ...ly vivid ...le tech- ...ig mo- ... comic ...aps a ... these ...ntact ...d to Hirsch and Annie Ducaux (one of the company's prime tragediennes) in *Britannicus*.

NEIL SIMON'S *Come Blow Your Horn* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre) might be called an expense-account show. Apart from musicals like *Do Re Mi*, this is the only kind of theatrical entertainment Broadway nowadays can really afford to produce. If theatre is business, then doing such comparatively successful plays as *The Hostage*, *A Taste of Honey* and *Rhinoceros* is risky to the point of being preposterous.

If this sounds grim I must hasten to add that the theatre in most countries has always subsisted on such plays as *Come Blow Your Horn*. *The Fifth Season* was probably more profitable than *Death of a Salesman* and *Potash and Perlmutter* (way back before the First World War) made more money than Schnitzler's *Anatol* or Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* produced at about the same time. Most theatre in our day has been popular theatre — theatre for the majority at the moment of production. It is a sobering fact which must never be lost sight of by anyone concerned with the theatre financially or artistically.

Although I don't need to be entertained in the manner of *Come Blow Your Horn* I have no real objection to it. There are funny cracks in it and even funnier performances—particularly that of Lou Jacobi, as authentic and flavorsome as a corned-beef on rye.

The play's jokes are largely those of a clever adult-camp comic — topical in allusion, affably vulgar, with the companionability of a lively delicatessen. There is no offense in the play and one is not expected to swallow it whole or to make it serve as a balanced diet. It is trivial and cozy.

Well directed by Stanley Prager, *Come Blow Your Horn* is amusingly played by everyone in the cast. Pert Kelton as Irish as can be is still very effective as a (never so labeled) Jewish mama. The Jewish strain in the play gives it its moral anchor and supplies a touch of warmth to its creaky mechanics. The fact that the ethnological note is neither identified nor hidden will give the show its "universal" metropolitan American appeal.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

SEVERAL years ago Fernandel was seen here in a picture that described the consuming but belated love affair of a French provincial business man. The hero obviously saw himself as a gallant of twenty, but whereas his passion easily came up to that image, he lacked the stamina for the role and his real position in the community was sufficient to throw repeated hazards in the way of his clandestine adventure. It was a most human picture, a wryly compassionate study of the tricks that the flesh can play on a man. Further, it proved—what might have been suspected—that behind Fernandel's renowned

Follow the Leader

Follow the leader. Now I remember.
Bicycle boys, all day,
You stop to pester girls and crunch soft clumps of clay
With your front wheel. It is the same
All summer: a spasmodic game.

The little fellow's the one who follows,
As it usually goes,
Down the paved alleys, through the hurricane gates, in rows
Of butch submissiveness,
Vaguely aware he's powerless.

Anarchy's not the answer yet.
Who cares you lag behind?
And who will come to your defense? Your neighbor's mind
Is like your own: he thinks, in fine,
How do I get to the front of the line.

Then we shall go; to where, you know:
My heart has a long shadow.
Turn on your bicycle headlight, and be glad:
Someone follows after me:
We shall see who that will be.

ROBERT GRANT BURNS

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buffoonery there stood a resourceful and admirably schooled actor.

The reviews of the Bob Hope-Lucille Ball comedy, *The Facts of Life*, have intimated that something similar is accomplished by those celebrated practitioners of verbal slapstick. The ingredients of the story are similar, and the rumor was that Mr. Hope and Miss Ball had renounced their show-business personalities to emerge as actors of versatility and grace. The rumor is exaggerated—perhaps because the discovery that these two stars are willing to act at all is exciting news.

In this picture the leading couple go under the names of Larry Gilbert and Kitty Weaver, but no one could for an instant forget who they really are. I would not say, however, that this is entirely the fault of the performers. They cannot suggest people other than themselves because the parts they play have no backs to them; they are false fronts of gags and pratfalls.

The material given them is first quality of its kind — Norman Panama and Melvin Frank are as good jokesmiths as you can hire, and the laughs come freely. But try to imagine Larry Gilbert and Kitty Weaver as having any existence outside the highly specialized occupation of volleying a rapid-fire exchange of nifties and suffering a staccato series of ludicrous misadventures (when she tries to kiss she sneezes), and you will see that this is a variety turn and not a play. As such, it should be cut from an hour and a half to fifteen minutes, in which case the howls of laughter would be unbroken.

I AM going to be most circumspect in anything I say about the new French film, *Breathless*. It is obviously a brilliant expression of something—you can tell by the tormented camera angles, the pore-focused close-ups that this is brilliant stuff—but I don't know what it is being brilliant about.

At a guess it could be about people who are so steeped in the behavior of addiction that they have no need for drugs—they are auto-addicts. The film is full of crime, from car theft to murder (the hero steals four of five cars in a day, just for casual transportation around Paris), and it pants with sex, but the incidents are not only without passion, they seem to be entirely somnambulist. The girl remarks that she is pregnant, but I couldn't tell whether it was true or just something to say—certainly I couldn't tell whether her lover understood her, though he did make a face. In the end he gets shot by the police (there is a closing *danse macabre* that I recognized as being very fancy indeed) because the girl has turned him in—something about liking him so much it was getting in the way of her freedom.

She's an American (Jean Seberg) who sells the *Paris Herald* along the boulevards and sometimes gets dressed up and works as a reporter. First newsboy-journalist I ever saw. During an interview with a famous writer someone asks: "Aimez-vous Brahms?" So that's a clue pointing toward Françoise Sagan. Is this parody? The lover is played by Jean-Paul Belmondo, an ex-pugilist with a sensitive cauliflower face. He gazes fixedly at a poster of the late Humphrey Bogart and that also could be a clue. Is French youth being corrupted by American commercialized violence? That seems an antique theme for a "new wave" film.

I'm sorry I can't do better, but some key seems to be missing. I can quite see that François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard, the writer and director, want to let us know that there is something wrong with the youth of France. I believe it to be true and I would like to understand, but coma is a state of suspension, not a form of communication. And is it really that easy to steal cars in Paris?

The Poet, on his Grand Climacteric

As love subsides, and I grow glum towards death,
And all the world to me seems progress-sick,
Each thing I do is proved impolitic,
Each thing I say I'd better saved my breath
In this stark year my third and sixtieth.

Would that my pride like aching joints were swollen,
Then might I in my puzzlings be less sullen.

Almighty God, last night I damn near died.
A dream last night near threw me off the track.
Took me too near the other side.
O let me hurry back.

KENNETH BURKE

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

to cooperate with me to compel your attendance in Kenton County as herein stated.

JOHN J. O'HARA
Commonwealth's Attorney
Covington, Ky.

Fred J. Cook, author of the article in question, writes that his information on "layoff" activities in the Covington area was based on sworn testimony before the New York State Commission on Investigation, and particularly on that of Eliot H. Lumbard, the commission's chief counsel, and Joseph P. Manners, former U.S. Assistant Attorney who headed the bookmaking investigation conducted by the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. "If Mr. O'Hara is truly interested in uncovering specific violations which may lie in his jurisdiction," Mr. Cook writes, "I suggest that he seek the information needed from Mr. Manners, Mr. Lumbard and the New York State Commission on Investigation."

Meanwhile, if it is true that geography has misled Messrs. Manners, Lumbard, Cook, the N.Y. State Commission on

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Investigation and The Nation, *our sincere apologies go to the City of Covington. Not every city can boast that while a huge proportion of the country's bookmaking "layoffs" goes through its telephone exchange, its City Directory bears not a taint of sin.* —EDITORS.

"Accident," Not "Liability"

Dear Sirs: In editing my manuscript ["New Concept in Auto Insurance," Feb. 18], *The Nation* slipped up by inserting the words "liability" or "personal liability" in two places, where it should read "accident." Prof. Albert Ehrenzweig's scheme is one of *accident* insurance, and *not* of liability insurance. Corrected, and further clarified, the passages on page 139 should read:

1. Every car owner would be compelled to insure his car against any accident he — or anyone using the car — might cause to himself, his guest, or any third person in an amount to be fixed by the state legislature. He could freely select any insurance company. And if so insured he would be free of any liability for ordinary (in contrast to willful) negligence.

Similarly, it should read: "A similar compensation principle had been applied to automobile *accidents* in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan." And elsewhere on the same page it should read: "Nearly every automobile liability insurance policy now contains a clause entitling any victim of the insured to a *maximum* [not minimum] of $4,000 for medical expenses, whether or not the driver was negligent."

Berkeley, Calif. PETER FABRIZIUS

Treasury Easement

Dear Sirs: Someone has called my attention to an error of omission which I made in the article "The Problems that Unite Us," which was published in *The Nation* on February 18. Under my point 5, I neglected to indicate that not only Poland but also Rumania has been deleted from the Treasury regulation prohibiting the sending of government checks to Communist countries. HAROLD J. BERMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Inaugural Concert

Dear Sirs: In your Feb. 4 issue, Lincoln Kirstein set down some of his inaugural experiences. One aspect of his report was misleading and rude. Kirstein, as critic, wrote that he found the American "compositions" commissioned for the concert of "alarming mediocrity."

As Administrator of the Inaugural Concert, I would like to enlighten your readers on this subject. There was only one commissioned work, not two or three as Mr. Kirstein implies. Mr. Kirstein's description, "alarming mediocrity," is unfair to the composer chosen to write the commissioned work. John LaMontaine is a young American composer of the highest order — Pulitzer Prize in 1959, Guggenheim Fellowship in 1959 and 1960.

Was Mr. Kirstein smitten because his old school of favorite composers was ignored? LaMontaine, a young virile composer with ideas — "New Frontier," remember? JAY K. HOFFMAN

New York City

Unique Approach

Dear Sirs: The Internal Revenue Code provides for the tax-deduction of contributions to educational and charitable organizations. It also provides for the disallowance of such deductions if the receiving organization is classified as Communist or Communist-front under the Internal Security Act of 1950.

Relative to the current attempts on the part of Southern legislators to evade the law on segregated schooling, I suggest that the U.S. Attorney General give serious consideration to the feasibility of including in the proscribed list any school or church which continues to practice segregation in violation of the law.

JACOB GOLDBERG
Instructor of Accounting
Chicago, Ill. Roosevelt University

Candor at the U.N.

Dear Sirs: Except for some high moments TV has been a dreary pageant. But a fortnight ago, a terrible beauty was born on the little screen. The sedentary viewer in his living room saw a hoarse and angry Negro in the street before the U.N. speak with more candor than the U.S. Ambassador inside.

Mr. Stevenson, who has been a lawyer as well as a politician, must know that there can be no due process of law where the principle of *habeas corpus* is ignored or denied. When Mr. Stevenson deplored the death of Patrice Lumumba "without trial or testimony," he was speaking before those TV watchers who had seen him keep silence through many days of Security Council deliberations while many delegates warned—and all the world knew—that it was unlikely that Mr. Lumumba would ever appear for either trial or reconciliation unless the white contingents of the U.N. force in the Congo . . . were committed to secure his person.

Mr. Stevenson found occasion to assert with firm emphasis that "the United States had always supported the territorial integrity of the Congo." Yet—he found no fault with Mr. Hammarskjold, who had treated with the authorities of Katanga Province as if they were heads of state. . . .

The television watcher was treated to the spectacle of the Secretary General defending himself by reading from a dispatch (several months old) in which the victim, Mr. Lumumba, had included certain courteous praises for Mr. Hammarskjold. Just so Hitler might have read in his own defense certain courteous dispatches (dated 1932, perhaps) addressed to him by German Jews.

And yet—to match against this stunning hypocrisy within the chamber—we heard the voices of the black demonstrators who refuted it all with a clarity that many of us will remember.

R. V. CASSILL

New York City

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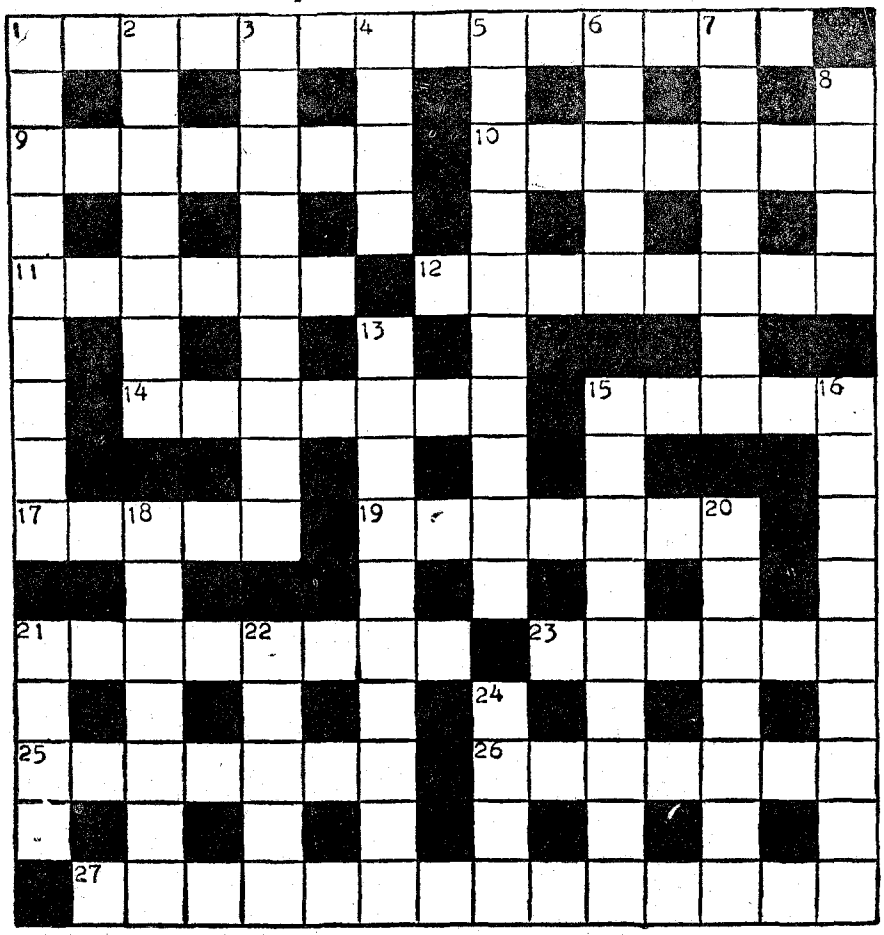
Crossword Puzzle No. 906

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Previously referred to with the unusual name of "Reed" on it. (14)
9 According to the British, would it be sweet and refined? (7)
10 One sometimes does to the gas, relatively speaking. (7)
11 "A Study in Scarlet"? Blush for shame! (6)
12 Don't give such good odds on being clean! (8)
14 Does a bell signify it when a ring is involved, or just one time out west? (5-2)
15 Ruled as being the way the batter went out, perhaps. (5)
17 Grew a sort of stake this way? (5)
19 As Roman as Charon? (7)
21 and 2 Samuel showed such spirit! (3, 5, 2, 5)
23 By the sound of it you get more certain by sight, but he's probably not in the legal business. (6)
25 Slender mien? (4, 3)
26 Where one might secure the time for Othello? (7)
27 Where the witness signs a reputedly British act? (14)

DOWN:

1 Where the worm goes in old-time song? (9)
2 See 21 across
3 Where one might have to account for any loss of pounds. (9)
4 The sound of such animals is 23 at first. (4)
5 Particularly familiar to chemistry students, but handed in by other scholars as well. (4, 6)
6 and 8 Not the obvious people at the very top of the scale. (9)
7 Is the oriental a point behind? (7)
8 See 6 down
13 Not-so-wise guys shouldn't be seen on your television screen! (5, 5)
15 Not related to a lemon seed—more like a marble. (9)
16 One way of keeping out of a draft. (9)
18 Attic dwellers should be, in the larger sense. (7)
20 One might, in presenting his account. (7)
21 Adds to the little ones? (4)
22 It's a silly way to get 1 across without having the toe formed badly. (5)
24 Would she present quite a problem with the lid raised on her? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 905

ACROSS: 1 Theodolite; 6 Ibis; 10 Echelon; 11 Extract; 12 Wade; 13 Red October; 15 Leavens; 16 Suspect; 17 Goading; 20 and 5 Going to the dogs; 22 Traitorous; 23 Trip; 25 Ontario; 26 Chianti; 27 Ends; 28 Beneficent.
DOWN: 1 The Twilight Zone; 2 Echidna; 3 Dull; 4 Lancers; 7 Bramble; 8 Saturation point; 9 Statistic; 14 Mediators; 18 Adapted; 19 Garrote; 20 Gouache; 21 Gironde; 24 Mimi.

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When Is Truth?

IN OUR issue of February 18, 1961, Harold J. Berman of the Harvard Law School faculty, in an article entitled "The Problems That Unite Us: a New Approach to Russia," wrote as follows:

> Here are a few of the steps which could and should be taken to establish a "beachhead of cooperation" [between the U.S. and the USSR]:
>
> 1. Our State Department should invite the Soviet government to enter into negotiations for a civil air-transport agreement. . . . In 1959, the two governments agreed in principle that such an agreement should be negotiated . . . but in July, 1960 . . . almost at the last moment our government canceled the meetings. . . .

AND EXACTLY one week later, on February 25, 1961, the following headline appeared on page one of *The New York Times:* "U.S. ASKS SOVIET TO DISCUSS PACT FOR AIRLINE LINK—Original Talks, Set to Start Last July, Were Deferred After U-2 Incident."

Did the White House act on Mr. Berman's tip? Or is it simply that Mr. Berman, like most Nation *writers, writes with a prophetic flare? Either way, you should read* The Nation *if you want to keep ahead of the news.*

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